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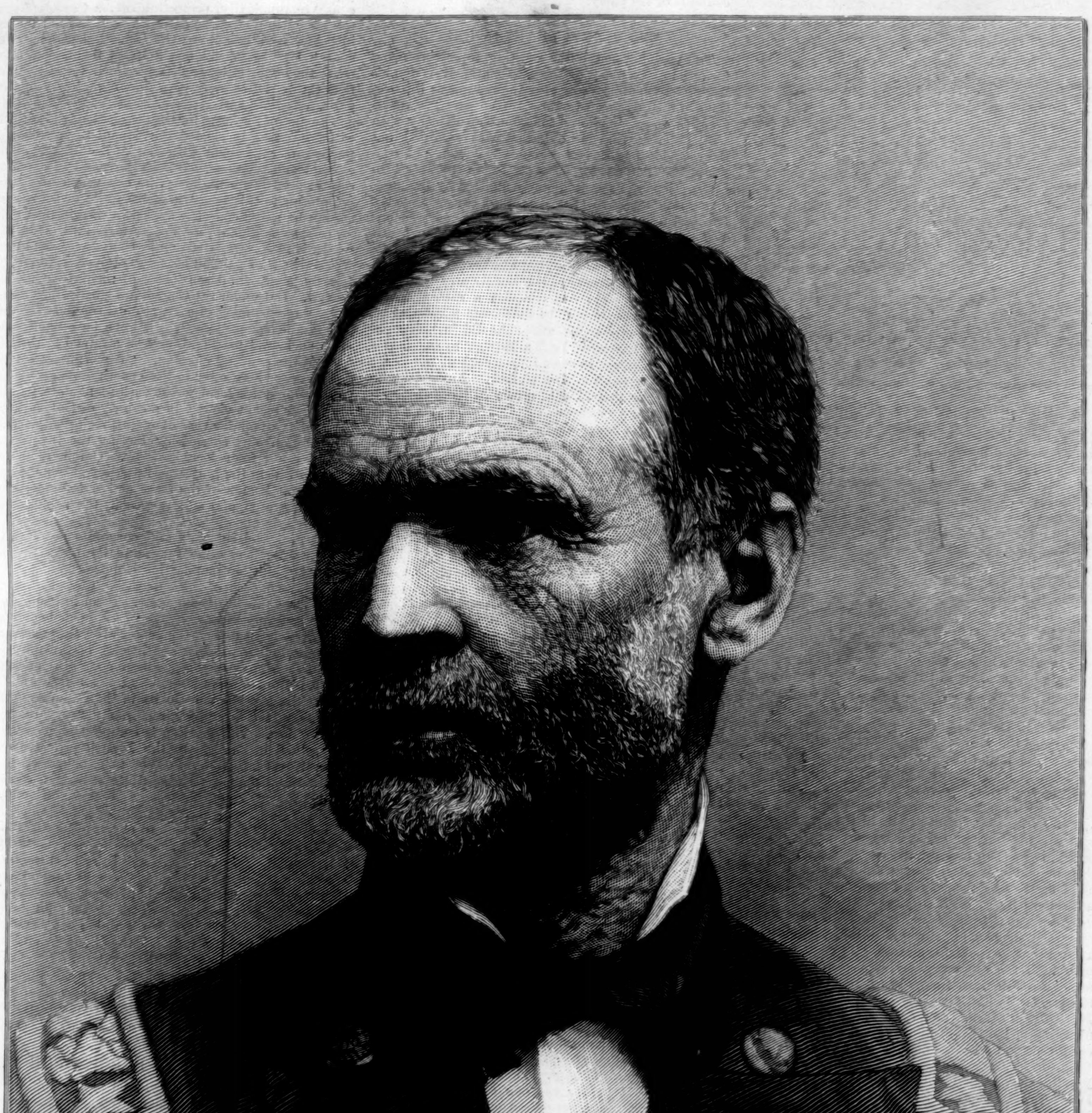

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.—[See Page 134.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"The best weekly publication for young people in existence." —N. Y. OBSERVER.

*THE number of **Harper's Young People** for February 17th is an unusually interesting one, containing several contributions of marked distinction. Prominent among these is a two-part story, entitled KITTYKIN, AND THE PART SHE PLAYED IN THE WAR.* By THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

This story, and the fifth instalment of HOWARD PYLE'S *serial, "MEN OF IRON," illustrated by the Author, a stirring story for boys called "SMITING THE AMALEKITE," by* MARY SELDEN MCCOBB, *and a fanciful tale, "HORSE-CHESTNUT MEN," for the younger readers, make a strong combination of the best kind of fiction.*

All the stories are illustrated.

A four-page supplement contains an illustrated article on HARVARD UNIVERSITY, *by Lloyd McKim Garrison. This is the first of a series of articles on the principal colleges in the United States.*

No. 1783.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATION, IN TINT, ENTITLED "A LABOR OF LOVE," DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE most important recent political event is the President's proclamation of commercial reciprocity with Brazil, which has a significance beyond that of its commercial aspect. During the first year of the HARRISON administration Mr. BLAINE was so quiet and inconspicuous that it was even suggested that he intended to withdraw from further political activity. The election of Mr. REED as Speaker, with the introduction of the tariff bill by Mr. MCKINLEY and of the election bill by Mr. LODGE, brought into prominence a body of younger able and aggressive Republican leaders, who promised to take command of the party and restore something of its old vigor. Support of the MCKINLEY bill was made a kind of party shibboleth, and the election was to be carried with a whoop. But in the midst of the shouting a voice of dissent was suddenly heard, of dissent epigrammatically expressed, and of the highest authority. Mr. BLAINE said that the MCKINLEY bill would not benefit the very agricultural class which it was designed to propitiate, and that reciprocity was the commercial legislation which the time and the situation of the country demanded. There was no Republican who could have dissented from the MCKINLEY bill with such effect as Mr. BLAINE, and his dissent was not only an opinion upon a proposed tariff policy, it was a notification to the new party leadership of which the other man from Maine was the chief figure that the original man from Maine had not retired from politics.

There was a feeble effort to discredit the Secretary's party fidelity, but it was abortive, because it was known that he spoke for a large body of Republicans who held the old conservative view of the tariff, many of them indeed agreeing with GARFIELD that the tariff was best "which ultimates in free-trade." Mr. BUTTERWORTH, one of the ablest Republican members of the House, lately speaks of the new leadership as "those who have been able against the wish and judgment of seventy-five per cent. of the Republican party to dictate its policy and shape its legislation." There was a prompt party response to Mr. BLAINE'S counter cry of reciprocity against the MCKINLEY tariff, and it was observed that while the Secretary protested against the tariff policy, he was silent upon the other measure, the election bill, which in its older form some years ago he had opposed. In the autumn campaign Mr. BLAINE made two suggestive speeches—one in Maine, pending the Speaker's re-election, in which he did not commend the MCKINLEY bill, but did advocate reciprocity; and the other in Pennsylvania, on the eve of election, in which, the campaign being over, he asserted his party fidelity.

The election followed. The popular verdict was pronounced upon the new Republican leadership, and it was said that there was at least one old Republican leader who had not gone down with the wreck. Mr. MCKINLEY'S re-election was defeated, and the general result was interpreted as a most emphatic condemnation of his bill. Congress met, and a resolute and desperate party effort was made in the Senate to pass the election bill, which also Mr. BLAINE had not commended, and was known to disapprove, and by a party bolt which no discipline could prevent, the election bill was practically defeated. Its defeat, with that of the extraordinary closure bill, which was intended to secure its success, was scarcely admitted by its supporters when the President's proclamation announced reciprocity with Brazil, which was hailed with enthusiasm by the Republican press, and conceded by the Democratic opposition to be in harmony with a policy which ought to be universally adopted. This is all included in the history of a year, and it is practically the achievement of one leader against the proposed action of his party under a new leadership. It demonstrates that Mr. BLAINE has not withdrawn from politics, and it leaves him distinctly as a force to be reckoned with in the future councils of his party.

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THE speeches at the late meeting to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the first National Woman's Rights Convention were very interesting as illustrations of the advance of public sentiment. The movement in its origin shared the popular antipathy with which the antislavery agitation was regarded, but the aversion had more the tone of ridicule and contempt. When ABBY KELLEY began to speak in Connecticut she was frequently mobbed by the more disreputable part of the community, and severely frowned upon by the more respectable and religious circles. In a paper of her reminiscences which was read at the meeting it was plain that the young woman suffered for a time a kind of martyrdom. Mrs. LUCY STONE also recalls the hostility of the press and the pulpit. On one occasion a clergyman at Malden had been asked to announce a meeting at which she would speak, which he did in this manner: "I am requested by Mr. MOWRY to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the Town Hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Anybody who wants to hear that kind of music will of course attend."

There is no more able, liberal, and progressive paper to-day than the Springfield *Republican*, which is one of the most faithful advocates of the opening of every opportunity to women. But in those days its founder and editor said to LUCY STONE in the *Republican*, "You she-hyena, don't you come here." Mrs. STONE'S review of the remarkable progress during the half-century of the sentiment of fair play for women is very interesting and striking. Their admission to the exercise of free speech, to respectful mention in the press, to the higher education, to opportunities of occupation, from the teaching and sewing of fifty years ago to the countless employments of to-day, in the great and happy modification of the laws respecting women, and in the participation in a certain degree of political power, as in school meetings in some of the older States and complete suffrage in some of the Territories, are all as significant and cheerful illustrations of a wise progress of opinion as the history of the half-century in this country presents. Yet, as Mrs. STONE truly says, it is a progress which has not come of itself. From the beginning liberty has not been the fruit of tropical carelessness, but of the most devoted and determined labor, and the best augury of the future is the history of the past.

It is a singular coincidence that at the moment when the beginning of the movement for the larger liberty of women was celebrated, the question should be largely discussed whether marriage is a declining institution, and that an accomplished woman should maintain that it is. This might be a disagreeable *post hoc propter hoc*. Mrs. KATE GANNETT WELLS thinks that the indisposition among modern women to marry is due to philanthropy, higher education, and self-analysis. The woman interests herself in human welfare rather than in a man; the cultivation of her intellect is more charming than that of the heart, and her mind measures, with the precision of a spiritual laboratory, the comparative advantages of marriage and celibacy. These, however, are mysteries too serious for the end of an article. The statement, however, presents woman in the light of the lady in LONGFELLOW'S "Hyperion," who was beloved by Mr. Berkeley, an Englishman who had not meditated such themes as the possible decay of matrimony. To his impassioned declaration the lady answered, "Sir, you are in love with certain attributes." "D—— your attributes, madam." "Sir," said she, with dignity, "you have been drinking"; and so they parted. It was said in an article last summer, evidently based upon trustworthy statistics, that it seemed to be clear that the higher education rather promoted marriage. This was reassuring, because such a result as Mrs. WELLS describes would be a deplorable consequence of progress. Two centuries ago Dean SWIFT said it was agreed that a wise man would not marry a woman who knew much. That was undoubtedly the wiser plan for the average man of the time. But if, as BACON says, the more languages a man hath the more man is he, it will be hard to believe that the more knowledge a woman hath the less woman is she.

RECIPROCITY IN CANADA.

A VERY interesting letter from Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH to the New York *Times* states fully and clearly the political situation in Canada. The fundamental tendencies of feeling in that country are continental and anti-continental. The Liberals, whether they anticipate union with the United States or not, are now "men of this continent," who desire the closest relation with its other inhabitants. The Conservatives are a colonial Tory party, who seek to maintain the closest alliance with British Toryism, and by fostering the aristocratic spirit upon this continent, to avert the triumph of democracy in the New World. Of this party Sir JOHN MACDONALD is the chief, and his policy is the prevention of closer relations with this country. He is a protectionist because, economically, protection severs Canada from the United States. The desire for commercial union increases rapidly among the Canadian people, and as the MCKINLEY bill has irritated them, Sir JOHN seizes the opportunity to dissolve Parliament, hoping that the irritation may give him a majority at the polls.

The plea of Sir JOHN for the dissolution is his desire to have a freshly elected Parliament to sustain his purpose of conferring with the United States upon closer trade relations. But in the event of his success in securing a majority, he can very easily propose terms to this country which in its own interest cannot be accepted. His appeal in the election will be to the "national" or anti-American sentiment, which is undoubtedly strong in Canada. But GOLDWIN SMITH is of opinion that were the election really free the continental sentiment of reciprocity would prevail. But under the Canadian Constitution there is great opportunity of corruption through subsidies, grants, and concessions, which have been made serviceable in the past, and will be strained to the utmost at the pending election. "Government candidates everywhere offer to the constituents grants of public money for local works with scandalous frankness." A recent victory in a county of Ontario was claimed as a popular verdict against reciprocity. But the election was carried by buying the townships with a grant for a local railway. Commercial depression due to the protectionist policy swells the exodus from Canada of the more active and enterprising young men, and so strengthens the reactionary vote.

But protected interests and corporate power will aid Sir JOHN'S election fund, and the Conservative party organization or machine is more complete and efficient than that of the opposition, while Sir JOHN is the most skilful of managers. Even in Manitoba, where probably ninety per cent. of the people oppose the government policy, the people are very poor, and it is not impossible that the largess of the government in various forms may secure a government majority. For such reasons, GOLDWIN SMITH thinks that while a positive majority of the Canadian people favor reciprocity, yet reciprocity may not win the election. The question is complicated also with the school question. In the French province the Liberal leaders, to hold their vote, supported the Jesuit endowment act for separate schools, a course which has alienated Protestant support. There is, moreover, a government majority of more than fifty in a House of 215 members to overcome, but several of the seats were won by small majorities. GOLDWIN SMITH'S opinion is that there will be at least a strong vote for continental trade and good government, and in a recent speech he says, what is undoubtedly true, that the indifferent attitude of the United States toward union with Canada aids the union sentiment in that country, because it is felt that there is no kind of coercive pressure toward annexation. But while reciprocity is evidently so popular a policy, no intelligent American but must see that Canadian reciprocity would ally us with a people of our own dominant race and distinctive traditions.

THE CURRENCY AND PUBLIC OPINION.

THE intelligence of an aroused public opinion in this country, as well as its good-natured carelessness, is in course of demonstration in the silver agitation. For some reason—perhaps, as we said last week, the seeming impossibility of such a monstrous tampering with the currency as the silver bill proposed—the public mind was apparently indifferent. Meanwhile the Democratic hostility to the force bill, and the closure bill also, was so strong that the Republican silver Senators found the conditions of some kind of understanding with the opposition already existing, and the bill passed the Senate, but not until at the very last moment, too late to avert action, but in time to arouse and instruct the country, Mr. SHERMAN in the Senate, and Mr. KNOX in the Chamber of Commerce, pointed out the inevitable consequences of such folly. The moment the bill was passed by the Senate, however, the sound sentiment of the country awoke, and a protest of intelligence and experience began on all sides, and could not be disregarded. Mr. BLAND, the conspicuous silver advocate in the House, withdrew from the Committee of the House,

under the plea that the bill had been "smothered," that is to say, made known to the public.

The action of important bodies of business men in all parts of the country shows the strong conviction of the interest which is most sensitive to ignorant playing with the currency. Mr. **WINDOM**'s lucid and impressive warning that fell from his dying lips has been also of great effect. The meetings in Boston and New York, largely under the auspices of independent and Democratic voters, show that sound views upon the subject are not peculiar to members of one party only. The President pleasantly rallied the Boston delegation upon their slow awaking to the situation. But there seems now to be no doubt that there will be no trifling with the currency this year, and that the question will be postponed until the assembling of the new Democratic Congress. The advantage gained even by the delay of a few months is great. It permits a general discussion of the subject, and a campaign of education. And it is evident that while the Democratic tendency as a party is to the derangement of the currency, and consequently of industry in every department, there will be vigorous party opposition also to such a course.

Mr. **HERTER**, of Ohio, a Democratic member of the next House, has spoken very frankly and pointedly upon the subject. He states the salient consequences of the pending silver proposition as they were stated by Secretary **WINDOM**, and by the public meetings in various cities. It would strike out of circulation $600,000,000 of gold money, thus contracting the circulation and precipitating general and disastrous and unprecedented bankruptcy. The free coinage would be undoubtedly a great advantage to the owners of silver mines, because they could pay debts of a hundred cents with seventy-five cents. Mr. **HERTER** points out also what is constantly forgotten, that the debtor class, who are supposed to be benefited by free coinage, consists of the employers who pay wages to employés, who are the true creditor class, and whose deposits in savings-banks, building loan associations, life-insurance, and other similar depositories would be scaled down from the gold to the silver standard, that is, about twenty per cent. He said something else which every farmer may well ponder. It was that while he did not know in his district the owner of a single silver mine, he did know some 160,000 men, women, and children who were interested in being paid for their labor and their commodities one hundred cents upon the dollar instead of eighty cents. Mr. **HERTER** has been elected to Congress from the district in which Senator **SHERMAN** lives, and although a Democrat he and the Senator are entirely in accord upon one of the most pressing and important of public questions. This is a fact which shows how party lines overlap. The Republican Senator **SHERMAN** differs fundamentally with the Republican Senator **STEWART** upon a question vital to the national welfare and prosperity, and agrees wholly with the Democratic Representative **HERTER**.

SHERMAN.

No figure in late years had become more familiar in New York than that of General **SHERMAN**. The simplicity, candor, and childlikeness of his nature, his manly cordiality of manner, his ready sympathy and lively humor, and the great career of heroic achievement which lay behind all, made him a most interesting and memorable personality. His name is indissolubly associated with that of General **GRANT** in the history of the civil war, and there is no more romantic and inspiring story in our national annals than that of the march to the sea.

The General was always welcome, not only because of his great renown and his illustrious services, but because of his personal charm. The papers have been full of conversations which recall his happy speeches, the constant flow of delightful anecdote, the pleasant dalliance of a great nature in repose. **EDWARD EVERETT** in his oration at the unveiling of the statue of **DANIEL WEBSTER** in Boston describes the Defender of the Constitution on the evening before the delivery of his most famous speech, the reply to **HAYNE**, and on the next day at its delivery in the Senate. In the evening, says **EVERETT**, but in his most elaborate and consummately effective manner, he was like one of the boats he loved rocking and swinging on the gentle lap of the waves upon the shore. But the next day he was "a mighty ammiral" in action on mid-ocean, with all his broadsides thundering, his canvas strained, and his flags and pennants streaming.

SHERMAN, in his later day, as we have known him in New York, was the boat easily swinging on the tide, the lightnings of battle sheathed, and the frowning tier on tier of guns invisible. It is perhaps not too much to say that the feeling with which in every company he was greeted was akin to love. It is good to think of him so, good that the last thought of a man whose name is honored and cherished by millions should be as kindly and gentle as it is admiring and grateful. So he would have had it, and would have asked no sweeter rosemary for remembrance.

INDIAN TRUTH AND ELOQUENCE.

IT is unpleasant if we must own that the Indians who have come to Washington to see the Great Father and the Great Council have the better of the argument. "The troubles," said **YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-HORSES**, "spring from seed. The seed was sown long ago by the white man not attending truthfully to his treaties after a majority of our people had voted for them. When the white man speaks, the government and the army see that we obey. When the red man speaks, it goes in at one ear and out of the other. The Indian is for eternity interested in the subject, the white man only when he comes into office for two or three years. I am not an old man, but I have seen many Great Fathers and his headmen.

"Why was not the late treaty fixed promptly by the Great Council? Why were our rations cut down a million of pounds? Why have not our winter annuities come? Why was the whole Sioux nation called to account for dancing a religious dance? Why are the agents always being changed? Why was Agent **GALLAGHER** discharged when he wrote that our crops had failed, and our rations must not be cut down? Why was the army called in by Agent **ROYER**? And if he was right, why was he discharged? And why does not the blame for what followed belong to the white men? Let everything that is said here be written down, so that when we have to speak with other men it cannot be denied what was said here."

This was the burden of all the speeches. It is the burden of the evidence of the most competent white witnesses. It is the general belief of intelligent citizens who are informed upon the subject. The remedy seems to be clear and simple enough. It is what is called common honesty. If the Indians were treated with good sense and fidelity to our own word, there would be no Indian question.

MR. CLEVELAND AND FREE SILVER COINAGE.

MR. **CLEVELAND**'s frank, strong, and admirable reiteration of his opinions upon the silver question is in strict accord with the soundest and most intelligent sentiment of the country. After stating his inability to attend the meeting to which the letter was addressed, he says:

"I am glad that the business interests of New York are at last to be heard on this subject. It surely cannot be necessary for me to make a formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest peril would be invited by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now pending in Congress for the unlimited coinage of silver at our mints.

"If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a largely increased volume of this currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, other conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous, the reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage."

The Republican journals which have taunted him with cowardly unwillingness to make known his present views upon the subject, lest they should jeopard his possible nomination for the Presidency, might well have the manliness to acknowledge that no public man could state sound views upon a pressing public question more unequivocally. Mr. **CLEVELAND**'s political courage is often denied by those who do not like his political opinions. But how many Republican statesmen who are prominently mentioned for the Presidential nomination would declare their convictions upon any subject with the same explicit force against the solid vote of the Senators of their party? The contrast between the recent performance of the Republican President of the Senate, in a desperate effort to secure a renomination, and the letter of Mr. **CLEVELAND** will perhaps suggest to some censors that a Democrat is not necessarily a political coward or dissembler.

The letter of Mr. **CLEVELAND** does not weaken him as a possible candidate. It commends him still more strongly to the respect of the best sentiment in all parties. It is another illustration of the quality in his political character which wins public confidence. That is his peculiar distinction. No man in public life commands more confidence than Mr. **CLEVELAND**. That is his strength; and the constantly closer hold which he has upon the country is due mainly to confidence in his political honesty.

THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILROAD.

THE graphic and entertaining papers upon South America by Mr. **THEODORE CHILD** in **HARPER'S MAGAZINE** have been admirably supplemented by a paper recently read by Mr. **CHARLES E. FITCH**, late editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, before a club in that city. Mr. **CHILD**'s series of articles, copiously illustrated, gives the latest and fullest view of a country to which public attention has been recently turned with very much greater interest than ever before, and the proposition of the Pan-American Congress of an inter-continental railway between the two Americas is the subject of Mr. **FITCH**'s paper.

It summarizes in a clear and popular style the chief facts and figures of the scheme. New York is to be the Northern and Buenos Ayres the Southern terminus of the inter-continental road, which will be nearly ten thousand miles in length, connecting by the transandine line with Valparaiso, and having other lateral branches. The road will run from New York to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to Mexico, utilizing all available existing lines. Rather more than a third of the contemplated distance would be already covered by rail. Mr. **FITCH** describes the projected road from point to point up to Quito, nine thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and thence to Peru, not an air line, but seeking without too great diversions to touch the chief cities and important points.

The cost of the road from Mexico to Buenos Ayres Mr. **FITCH** estimates at $250,000,000, without counting that of the privilege of existing roads. This is to be raised by individual capital, by liberal public concessions of money and land, and by generous mail subsidies when the road is built. Its objects are to develop continental resources and facilitate exchange of products, and to cultivate international amity. Of the products and the possibilities of exchange with the South-American states, **THEODORE CHILD** tells us. In unfolding the details and opportunities of the scheme, Mr. **FITCH** restrains himself, although his narrative as it proceeds takes naturally a glow and a flow as of tropical landscapes and rivers. It is an exceedingly interesting summary of a scheme of which he says "it is feasible, therefore it is assured. This is nineteenth century logic."

PERSONAL.

MR. J. G. **BROWN**, the well-known painter of street life, has done much toward promoting the success of the American Water-color Society during his term of President, which office he now holds for the fourth year. He is a regular contributor to the annual exhibitions. This year he sends two canvases—one entitled, "Shine, Five Cents," and a smaller picture entitled "The Latest Song"—both in his usual happy and characteristic vein.

—A useful and successful career was cut short by the death of **JOHN WELLBORN ROOT**, the architect, at Chicago, the other day. He was born at Lumpkin, Georgia, January 10, 1850, and during the war was sent to England to fit for Oxford. Later, however, his father recalled him, and he entered the New York University, where he was graduated with first honors in mathematics, engineering, and architecture. Mr. **ROOT** planned many of the great structures in this country, and had been made the architect of the Columbian World's Fair buildings. He was a liberal patron of art, and gladly aided struggling young sculptors and painters in their efforts to obtain an education.

—**JAMES LANE ALLEN**, the Kentucky novelist, lives at Lexington, where the scenes of some of his stories have been laid. He is a Professor of Latin in Bethany College, and an earnest student of comparative philology.

—**JAMES LIDGERWOOD**, the Broadway grocer, who died recently, was one of the very few men in the United States who ever refused a public place because there was a salary attached to it. He was a warm friend of ex-President **CLEVELAND**, and during the latter's administration was offered an office, but declined it, as the statutes required him to receive pay for the duties performed.

—**JAMES REDPATH**, who died in this city last week from injuries received by being knocked down by a horse-car, was one of the best-known newspaper men and writers in this country. He was a warm friend of **JOHN BROWN**, and, as a newspaper correspondent, was with him during the Kansas troubles, and afterward at Harper's Ferry. Mr. **REDPATH** was at one time the head of a successful lecture bureau, and during his life had been associated with a number of magazines and newspapers. Although born on the border between England and Scotland, he was an ardent home-ruler; and he was also Vice-President of the Anti-Poverty Society in New York.

—Probably the largest fee ever received by a lawyer in this country was that paid to **JOHN E. PARSONS**, of New York, who is said to have received $400,000 for services rendered in organizing the Sugar Trust.

—Professor **THEODORE W. DWIGHT**, who has recently retired from the head of the Columbia Law School, had been with the college since 1858, and is perhaps the most noted teacher of law in this country. He is sixty-nine years old, and a grandson of **TIMOTHY DWIGHT**, a former President of Yale.

—One of the best-known and most popular gentlemen in the publication offices of the large New York dailies is Mr. **THEODORE L. PEVERELLY**, advertising manager of the *Times*. His thirtieth year of faithful service in that establishment rounded on the 8th inst., and the anniversary was fitly celebrated.

—The Doshisha collegiate, scientific, and theological school of Kioto, Japan, has received a gift of $100,000 from Hon. J. N. **HARRIS**, of New London, Connecticut.

—United States Senator **GORMAN**, of Maryland, was when a boy a page in the Senate, and, as he grew up, became its postmaster. Later he earned a wide reputation as a clever base-ball player, and the fine physical health which his active life gave him is still preserved.

—One of Philadelphia's well-known teachers, **MARMADUKE WATSON**, has just retired, after a service of fifty-four years in his profession.

—Although Chicago has won **THEODORE THOMAS** away from New York, he cannot take his best musicians with him. Leading citizens of New York have guaranteed a fund of over $50,000 a year toward the support of a permanent orchestra which **WALTER DAMROSCH** will lead.

—When Rev. **PHILLIPS BROOKS**, of Boston, was recently in Washington he was given the privileges of the floor of the Senate, an honor rarely accorded even to distinguished visitors.

—Among the late **GEORGE BANCROFT**'s pupils at the Round Hill School, in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he taught while quite a young man, were **JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY**, **ELLERY CHANNING**, **HENRY W. BELLOWS**, **THEODORE SEDGWICK**, and several others whose names were afterward famous.

—The late **CHARLES BRADLAUGH** played a strong game of chess, and ranked among the best players of England. He was also skilful in checkers and other similar games.

—Among the successful navigators of ocean steam-ships is Captain **CHRISTOFFERS**, of the German steamer *Aller*. When he recently completed his one-hundredth trip from Bremen to New York and back the Emperor decorated him, and the steam-ship company gave him a diploma and 5000 marks in money.

—**JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS**, the clever writer of Southern dialect sketches, first developed his peculiar talent while a printer on a country newspaper in Georgia. Admirers of his writings have sent him many gifts, among which is a valuable dinner set, appropriately decorated with scenes and quotations from the "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" series. Mr. **HARRIS** is forty-three years old.

THE WEEK OF SPORT IN CENTRAL NORTH CAROLINA.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 134.]

1. A Man-power Plough. 2. Cottage of Northern Settler. 3. The Colored Choristers. 4. Rabbit Hunting. 5. Building a Tar Kiln. 6. A Coon Hunt. 7. Turkey Hunters in a Blind. 8. Gathering Turpentine. 9. A Turpentine Distillery.

DORMITORY—WINANT'S HALL, ERECTED 1889.

AUSTIN SCOTT, Ph.D., PRESIDENT.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, ERECTED 1810.

THE inauguration of Austin Scott, Ph.D., as the eighth regular President of Rutgers College, on the 4th of February, has focussed attention more closely upon that ancient institution of learning, founded by the descendants of Dutchmen when George the Third was King.

Hollanders have ever been distinguished for a veneration of revealed religion and the love of education. When the Dutch settled in New Jersey they still retained the inherent respect for learning and the recollection of the famous universities of Utrecht and Leyden. The Reformed Church was the leading denomination in parts of New Jersey and New York, and the need of a better education for their young men preparing for the ministry was evident. The expense of sending students to Holland to be instructed in the doctrines of the mother church was great, and the establishment of a college in America

KIRKPATRICK CHAPEL.

became an economic as well as patriotic measure.

It is true that Harvard had celebrated her first centennial sixteen years before, and Yale had completed a half-century and fifteen years over of collegiate existence; but they were too distant even if they had held the same religious belief. The latter obstacle prevailed against the other colleges of that day. King's (now Columbia) College was Episcopalian; the College of New Jersey, Presbyterian; Brown, Baptist; and the Southern colleges inaccessible.

Thus it was that on November 10, 1766, "his Majesty's Letters Patent and Charter or Royal Grant for Queen's College was secured from his Excellency William Franklin, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Province of New Jersey," and the college now called Rutgers came into legal existence, although it did not go into actual operation until 1771.

The vicissitudes of the country during the Revolutionary struggle were experienced by the college, and scholastic work was interrupted on several occasions. The college was seriously crippled at the close of the war, and did not fully recover its former position for many years. The State itself, having been the scene of many important battles, and ravaged by both armies in turn, was stripped of its material prosperity, and the early years of the nation's existence were occupied by the inhabitants of New Jersey in providing for immediate wants and creature comforts.

The first President was Jacob Rutsen Hardenbergh, D.D., who, as the leader of the movement resulting in the grant of a charter, may be regarded as the founder. His term of office extended to 1791. The college was revived through the instrumentality of Rev. Dr. Ira Condict, who secured the erection of Queen's College—the noble brownstone edifice now standing in the centre of the campus—and laid the corner-stone in 1810 while acting as President *pro tempore*.

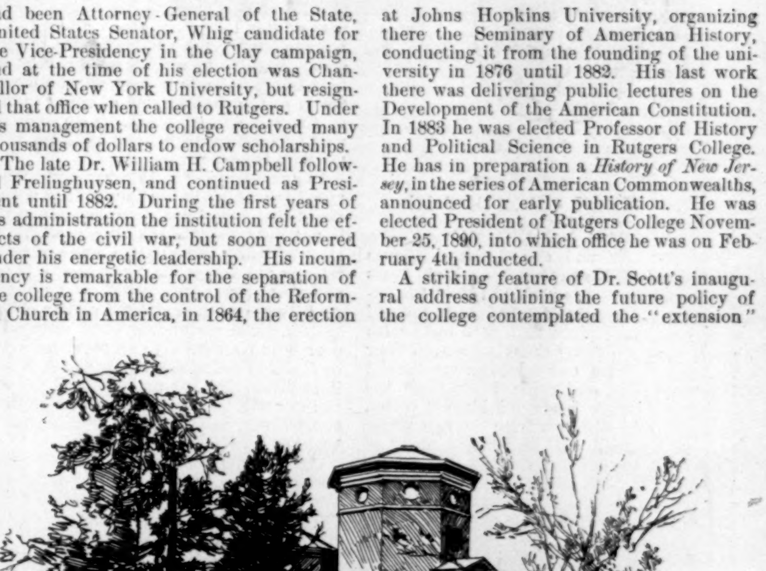
In 1825 Colonel Henry Rutgers, a patriot of the Revolution, gave $5000 to the college—a munificent sum in the eyes of the thrifty Dutch "dominies," who testified their appreciation by changing the old royalist name to Rutgers.

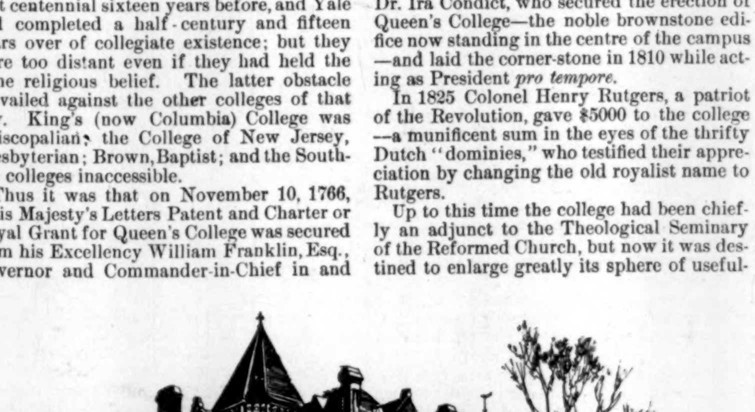
Up to this time the college had been chiefly an adjunct to the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, but now it was destined to enlarge greatly its sphere of usefulness under the two distinguished laymen who successively assumed the executive office. Hon. Abraham Bruyn Hasbrouck, LL.D., presided over the affairs of the institution from 1840 to 1850, and was particularly eminent in constitutional law. President Hasbrouck's most noteworthy monument consists in the stately trees which adorn the college campus. Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, LL.D., succeeded him in the President's chair, and held that position for twelve years. President Frelinghuysen was one of New Jersey's favorite sons, and honors were plentifully strewn in his path. He

GEOLOGICAL HALL.

had been Attorney-General of the State, United States Senator, Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency in the Clay campaign, and at the time of his election was Chancellor of New York University, but resigned that office when called to Rutgers. Under his management the college received many thousands of dollars to endow scholarships.

The late Dr. William H. Campbell followed Frelinghuysen, and continued as President until 1882. During the first years of his administration the institution felt the effects of the civil war, but soon recovered under his energetic leadership. His incumbency is remarkable for the separation of the college from the control of the Reformed Church in America, in 1864, the erection


SCHANCK ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.


NEW JERSEY HALL, ERECTED 1889.

of several fine buildings—Geological Hall, Kirkpatrick Chapel, and the Schanck Astronomical Observatory—and the designation of the Rutgers Scientific School as the State college under the United States law of 1862 for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

Dr. Campbell having resigned in 1882 by reason of advancing years, Dr. Gates, then Principal of Albany Academy, was made the President, and held the office until called to the Presidency of Amherst College last summer.

President Austin Scott, Ph.D., is a native of Ohio, and is now forty-two years of age. He entered Yale with the class of '69. After graduation he spent a year in study at the University of Michigan, which gave him his master's degree in 1870. From then until 1873 he studied history at the universities of Berlin and Leipsic, and by the latter was made Ph.D. in 1873. At the same time he was assisting the late George Bancroft—then Minister of the United States to Germany—in the preparation of the tenth volume of his *History of the United States*.

From 1873 to 1875 he was instructor in the German language at the University of Michigan. From 1875 to 1881 he was engaged in collecting and arranging materials for Bancroft's *History of the Constitution*. During the same period he was associate in history at Johns Hopkins University, organizing there the Seminary of American History, conducting it from the founding of the university in 1876 until 1882. His last work there was delivering public lectures on the Development of the American Constitution. In 1883 he was elected Professor of History and Political Science in Rutgers College. He has in preparation a *History of New Jersey*, in the series of American Commonwealths, announced for early publication. He was elected President of Rutgers College November 25, 1890, into which office he was on February 4th inducted.

A striking feature of Dr. Scott's inaugural address outlining the future policy of the college contemplated the "extension" throughout the State of instruction, by means of lectures, classes, and examinations, in those branches of knowledge related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, "this instruction to be free, or practically so, to farmers, to artisans, to all—to adults of both sexes, as well as to their sons and daughters."

The enthusiasm that prevailed at the inauguration of Dr. Scott was marked, and the presence of so eminent educators as Presidents Gilman, of Johns Hopkins; Low, of Columbia; Marshall, of Lafayette; and Appleton, of Swarthmore; Vice-Chancellor Henry M. McCracken and Professor George W. Coakley (Rutgers, '36), of New York University, Dean Murray, Professors Rockwood and Sloane, of Princeton; Horace Jayne, M.D., Dean of the University of

Pennsylvania, Professors Albert S. Cook (Rutgers, '78) of Yale, H. B. Adams of Johns Hopkins, David P. Todd, of Amherst, and Henry Ferguson of Trinity, added dignity to the scene. The attendance in a body of the State Legislature, together with the address and delivery of the keys by Governor Leon Abbett, *ex officio* President of the Board of Trustees, rendered the occasion even more impressive. Both "town and gown" have reason to remember for many years the distinguished gathering of February 4, 1890.

The professors at Rutgers are twenty-six in number, and form a strong faculty. The college now numbers two hundred students on her rolls, and has excellent reason for expecting many more next fall, and a larger entering class than ever. Besides the admirable classical department, in whose behalf a large and illustrious company of graduates may be called upon to testify, there is the scientific section, and although of comparatively recent origin, this branch of the college curriculum can offer six distinct courses of study: in agriculture, civil engineering and mechanics, chemistry, electricity, biology, and a winter course of lectures comprising nearly a hundred discussions of subjects of practical, every-day importance to the farmer. These last are to be free. In addition, she has courses of post-graduate study leading to the higher degrees of Ph.D. and Sc.D. The degrees of A.M. and M.S. are no longer given "in course," but only for work done.

The courses of scientific study will be greatly enlarged and improved during the coming year, and on the classical side it is proposed to give a wider range of elective studies to students who have finished the Sophomore year. Prior to that all the studies are prescribed.

With the additional scholarships given by the State to scientific students—free, subject only to passing a required examination—and the prospect of soon enjoying facilities for athletics equal to those of any American college, Rutgers will surely press forward in the race under her new executive. Her trustees, alumni, faculty, and students stand ready to follow President Scott to that stage of advancement outlined in his inaugural address, and then the motto of the college, "Sol Iustitiæ et occidentem illustra" (O thou Sun of Righteousness, shine out on this our Western land!), will the more especially apply to "the college that stands on the hill" in the staid old Dutch town in New Jersey.

REID MILLER.

SEAL OF THE COLLEGE.

THE WEEK OF SPORT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

SOUTHERN PINES is one of several villages in the centre of North Carolina. Eight years ago, except for the log cabin of the "turpentine farmer," it was a desert of sandy soil and closely standing pines that gave out health and healing whenever the wind moved their branches. Some one adventurous invalid discovered this and came down from the North, and when he found himself better, wrote to other sufferers from the east winds of New England, and brought so many of them to the pines that there was soon a little colony. To these came their more healthy and more speculative brothers, who found the soil excellent for grape and other fruit, and notably peaches. The New-Englanders and Northerners assimilated easily with the native farmers, and joined with them last week in their annual carnival of sport, which extended this year from the 4th to the 10th of February. This is known as the "Week of Sport," and in that week foxes, rabbits, quail, and 'possums are hunted, and their lives made miserable, or ended abruptly. The Northern sportsmen, with their English gaiters and breech-loaders, stood shoulder to shoulder with the Southern sportsman, who wore in many instances the water-proof cloak of the war-time, and who carried the old muzzle-loading rifle and shot-gun.

The same dogs were employed in all the hunts except those for quail. A promised 'possum barbecue was not an out-door affair. The 'possums were duly "barbecued" over a trench filled with coals. Green saplings laid across formed the gridiron, but the savory "varmint" was served in a hotel dining-room.

The colored brother and sister were utilized effectively every evening in their favorite rôle of hymn singers for the entertainment of the visitors at the hotels.

The illustration shows an old colored man constructing a "tar kiln." He belongs to a dying craft, and the kiln which he is building and will burn is more to exhibit the process to visitors than anything else. It seems that this old staple production of our geographies is used nowadays more for a horse medicine than anything else. The hand plough being pushed by the man in the foreground of the sketch of "A Man-Power Plough" will give an idea of the perfect fertility of the soil of the sand-hills.

THE RAPID TRANSIT PROBLEM IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

RAPID transit is the most gigantic necessity which has ever dwarfed the growth of New York city. It was so inconsiderable when it first appeared that it was satisfied for a short time by stage and omnibus lines; next it demanded and was content with street railroads; these in a few years were reinforced by such a service as could be rendered by the present elevated railroads. But the public necessity has always been in advance of the means of its supply. It has grown more insatiable with every succeeding year, until now, within the first month of the legislative session, it has brushed aside all opposition, and by the unanimous votes of all the members of the Senate and the Assembly, it has passed the Stewart bill, which is believed to remove all legal obstacles, and to invest a commission of gentlemen possessing the public confidence with the power to give to this long-suffering city an *adequate* system of rapid transit, if such a system is possible in the present state of the science of railroad construction.

The Legislature has given to the commissioners greater powers than were ever before conferred upon a similar board, because the necessity was greater than ever previously existed. If the public sentiment of New York appreciates the fact that the system required must correspond to the necessity, must be of larger capacity and greater cost than any which has preceded it, and the commissioners respond to the public demand, we may truly say that a long step in advance has been taken, which brings us within sight of rapid transit.

The present, then, is a favorable time for the consideration of the conditions which will probably control the future of rapid transit in New York city.

Surface railroads are conceded to be impracticable, and are properly prohibited by the Stewart bill. The rapid transit railroad of the future must, then, be an elevated or underground railroad of some description, or a combination of the two systems.

There must be two lines or routes. Commencing near the Battery, one must take the west side, keeping as near as practicable to Broadway, but west of Central Park, and be so located as best to accommodate the great area in the northwest part of the island. It will then cross Spuyten Duyvel Creek at an elevation which will not impede its navigation, and pass through the annexed district into Westchester County. The other, on the east side, must connect with the New York Central at Forty-second Street, and, keeping east of the Park, will reach and cross the Harlem River, with similar powers of extension. Each of these roads must have at least four tracks capable of carrying the heaviest trains at the highest rate of speed attained on the best surface roads. Two such lines will be inadequate for the business within the next twenty years.

In a structure of such magnitude, the demand for which is immediate, it is not supposed that experiments will be admitted. It is not only possible but very probable that electricity may come to be a safe and reliable railway motor, but for the present it is probable that a great system will use only steam. As between an underground and an elevated system, since no underground railroad has ever been constructed except where surface or elevated roads are inadmissible, it seems improbable that any underground passenger railway will meet with favor here until it is conclusively settled that any adequate elevated system is beyond our reach.

An elevated system may, like the existing elevated roads, be within and upon the streets or avenues, or constructed between the blocks over a purchased right of way, as, except in the city of New York, all steam railroads have been from the time of their origin. It is demonstrable that rapid transit over an elevated railroad in a street is a simple impossibility. The proof is before us. The elevated roads have been exceptionally well managed. But they cannot carry heavier trains than those now run at much greater speed than is now attained. The difficulty is radical. If the curvature could be reduced so as to admit of a speed of forty miles an hour, the supporting structure for four tracks of the requisite capacity cannot be built in a street without destroying its public use. Four such tracks would involve an injury to the abutting lots which cannot be measured in advance. Until the existing roads have settled and paid the last of the claims for damages to lands, even they will not be able to say that an elevated railroad in the street is not more expensive than a road of equal capacity over a purchased right of way.

New York city requires the unobstructed use of all her streets and avenues. The objections to their further appropriation by elevated railroads are so strong, that for the modified form of transit which may be had in them it seems improbable that the commission or the public will consent to their farther use.

The time has come when the city of New York should thoroughly consider whether it is wise to temporize any longer with inadequate systems which the city has outgrown. Is it not wise, before consenting to any further surrender of the streets to railroad uses, to devise a system which will prove adequate over a purchased right of way, and then ascertain whether it cannot be constructed? If there are those who honestly believe such a system is practicable, it is difficult to see why they should not have the opportunity to give to the city the best railroad that money will build.

A railroad over private property requires a piece of land varying in width between fifty and sixty feet as long as the route. When paid for, this land is the property of the corporation, and may be used for all lawful purposes in addition to railroad uses. The cost of such a right of way from Park Place up the west side to the crossing of Spuyten Duyvel Creek has been ascertained by the valuation of every lot taken and every lot injured by competent experts. With the ground required for stations, this cost will fall below thirty-five million dollars. The exact amount is not here very material. When once acquired, the cost of building and maintaining a railroad upon it will be no more than that of building a similar railroad in the streets at the public expense for the right of way.

Upon such a right of way may be constructed a tunnel to carry a double-track railroad to be used for passengers during the construction of the viaduct, and afterward as a freight road. Occupying one-half of the tunnel may be built a subway capacious enough to hold all the gas, steam, and water pipes, pneumatic tubes, electrical and other conductors, required for the next fifty years. Every lineal foot of every conductor will be accessible at all times without any disturbance of a street surface.

Above-ground connected arches of masonry will carry the four tracks of a viaduct railroad—two exterior tracks for local passengers on the level of the fifth story of ordinary buildings, two others for express trains on a level twelve feet higher, so as to separate the two classes of passengers, who will be carried from the streets to the different levels by steam elevators. These arches will be so incorporated into the walls of buildings that every square foot of the land from the basement to the fifth story inclusive may be rented for the same purposes as the adjacent property. There will be short spaces where the topography may require short sections of the road to be at a lower level, or even underground, but the whole road below 135th Street will be of the general character described. The outline of the plan would then be a viaduct railway of four tracks of the highest capacity, with the entire real estate saved and realized for rental, crossing the streets without interference with their use, an underground freight railroad and a subway combined.

Now suppose it to be demonstrable that the subway, the freight road, and the rental of the buildings, after making all proper deductions, will earn a net income exceeding six per cent. on the entire cost of the right of way, of the buildings, arches, and structure up to the bed upon which the four passenger tracks are carried, without including the fare of a single passenger, would there be any doubt that such an enterprise would pay, or that the capital could be had for its construction? There could be no reasonable doubt that the income from passengers would provide a very large revenue on the remaining cost of construction and equipment, which has already been ascertained within a possible error of not exceeding five per cent. That such a structure would be an ideal rapid transit railroad must be the unanimous conclusion of all disinterested persons.

It is to be expected, and they should not be criticised for it either, that the owners of the elevated railroads will prevent as long as they can any system of rapid transit in this city except such as they can provide. They will contend that their rapid transit is good enough, that the project of a viaduct railroad is chimerical, that its cost puts it out of the question, and that the capital cannot be had for its construction. In saying this they will merely exercise the right of any owner defending, as he thinks, his own property. Nor is it to be denied that their opposition will be very powerful, and for some time possibly controlling, at all events so far as American capital is concerned.

But no combination of private interests can permanently resist the demands of a great and growing public necessity. New York imperatively needs, is entitled to, and she will ultimately have the best rapid transit that money and enterprise can furnish. A viaduct railroad of the greatest carrying capacity and speed is the demand of the hour by the practically unanimous opinions of all citizens except those interested in existing lines. Whether such a railroad will pay will be decided by facts and figures, and not by rule of thumb or by guess. These facts and figures must be collected and collated by competent experts, and they may involve details only to be secured from working plans of the whole completed structure.

The cost of the entire structure and completed buildings can be known in advance with accuracy. The cost of the right of way can be ascertained within a possible variation of ten per cent. Until the cost is ascertained, no one can say whether the system will pay. It will have sources of income unknown a few years ago. The hundred electrical conductors of to-day would be a thousand with the safe convenient subway service which this system would furnish. The enterprise would have powerful attractions for capital. The security for sixty-five per cent. of its cost (the right of way) would be improved productive real estate through the heart of the city at its present value, certain to appreciate yearly as long as the growth and prosperity of the city continue. The enterprise is located within and for the accommodation of the most prosperous city of the continent, the emporium of the Western hemisphere, where law and order prevail, and investments are protected by a written Constitution against destructive legislation. Such security should produce the necessary capital at a very low rate of interest.

If after that exhaustive investigation which a subject of such importance deserves, it shall be made reasonably certain that the securities of the ideal adequate rapid transit system, honestly constructed and managed, will pay a net annual interest of five per cent. Wall Street does not want its securities; the country does. If such an investigation shows that the system will not pay, the time will have come for an extension of the present elevated railroads, or the adoption of some other inferior and temporary system.

The demand for rapid transit has long been pressing. It will now be increased by the powerful influences of the elevated railroads, and they offer to extend their lines. It is a good time for the Rapid Transit Commission to "go slow." The commissioners may work and require all interested parties to work as continuously and as rapidly as possible. But if they would retain the public confidence, they will, like good judges, refrain from any conclusions until the whole case is before them and ripe for final judgment. Better, a thousand times better, for the city that the commissioners should spend six months in investigation, and then give us the best system, with two or three years for its construction, than to adopt any inferior system, and put it in operation in ninety days. One course solves the problem of rapid transit, the other postpones its solution to encounter greater obstructions, which may finally become insuperable.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

NEARLY every great war has given birth to one distinguished General; no other war than our own has produced three such eminent commanders as Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. The second in years was taken from us first; the youngest followed next; the senior in years has been summoned last.

The badges of mourning which had been laid aside after the funeral rites of his illustrious brothers in arms have been again brought forth as emblems of our sorrow in our present loss, and the nation finds itself once more standing within the shadow of a profound grief.

While General Sherman was a man of many accomplishments and singular versatility of talent, his fame will rest upon his superb qualities as a soldier, and the world will always behold him standing in the front rank of the earth's great captains.

With him the essential characteristics of the soldier seemed inborn. In the field he was as subordinate when serving as a Lieutenant as he was exacting when exercising the powers of a commander. In all his campaigns he was bold in his conceptions, fixed in his purpose, and untiring in his efforts. He was singularly self-reliant, always demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute." In whatever command he was placed he proved himself prompt in decision, unshrinking under grave responsibilities, and fertile in resources. He was gifted with an almost intuitive knowledge of topography, and possessed of a physical constitution which enabled him to endure every hardship incidental to an active campaign. He never failed to inspire in his troops implicit confidence in his methods, and under the magnetism of his presence his soldiers followed him to victory with all the dash of Cæsar's Tenth Legion.

His grand strategy, particularly that displayed in his march to Atlanta, has commanded marked attention on the part of students of campaigns both in this country and in Europe, and will rank with the greatest achievements of the masters of military science.

The features of the typical soldier were stamped in every line of his countenance. With his sharp, penetrating eyes and his aquiline nose there was something in his look which resembled the piercing glance of the eagle.

The popular mind will not only admire his judgment, his tenacity, and his honesty of purpose, but will always see in his career something which savors of romance, appeals to the imagination, and excites the fancy. It will picture him as riding at the head of his newly organized brigade, struggling heroically against the disasters which overwhelmed the Union arms at Bull Run; again, posted at Shiloh Church, holding the right wing with bull-dog courage, and despite his wound, hurling back the foe in every desperate onslaught made upon that pivotal point of the line. At one time penetrating the almost impassable bayous of the Mississippi, with their tortuous streams and forest-tangled banks; at another time sweeping across the country with his flying columns from the Mississippi to Chattanooga, and hurling his legions against the enemy's right at Mission Ridge. It will depict him as a captain of the heroic ages, moving at the head of conquering columns, whose marches were numbered not by single miles but by thousands; as one who at the end of his Savannah campaign

could telegraph a President, tendering him as a Christmas gift a seaboard city; as a commander whose field of military operations covered nearly half a continent, whose orders always spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier, who fought from valleys' depths to mountain heights, and marched from inland rivers to the sea.

I first saw General Sherman a few weeks after he had entered Atlanta, when the laurels of its capture were fresh upon his brow. After he and General Grant had corresponded for more than a month as to the project of Sherman's cutting loose from his base and striking for some point on the coast, General Grant, after discussing with me his plans in great detail, designated me as the staff officer who was to visit General Sherman, communicate to him the contemplated movements of the armies in front of Richmond, the intended operations upon the sea-coast, including the probability of an expedition for the capture of Wilmington, etc., and ascertain his views as to his movements beyond Atlanta under the various contingencies which might arise. Starting from City Point, I reached Atlanta on the morning of September 18, 1864, and found the captor of that stronghold seated on the porch of a house which he was occupying as head-quarters on Peach-tree Street.

My mind was naturally wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity to see this famous soldier of the West. He sat tilted back in a large chair reading a newspaper, his coat was unbuttoned, his hat slouched over his brow, and on his feet were a pair of slippers very much down at the heel. He was the perfection of physical health, in the prime of life, being just forty-four years of age, and almost at the summit of his military fame. With his wiry frame, tall gaunt form, restless hazel eyes, and crisp beard, he looked the picture of "grim-visaged war." After he had read a letter with which General Grant had provided me, he entered at once upon an animated discussion of the military situation East and West, and as he waxed more intense in his manner the nervous energy of his nature soon began to manifest itself. He twisted the newspaper which he held into every possible geometrical shape, and from time to time he drew first one foot and then the other out of its slipper, and followed up the movement by shoving out his leg so that his foot could recapture the slipper and thrust itself into it again.

What Hood, who commanded the enemy, would do in case Sherman started from Atlanta for the sea was of course a blind surmise. His view was that if he could move without a large army to confront him at all points he could easily live off the country, go where it was deemed best, and inflict irreparable damage upon the Confederacy; but if Hood confronted him, he (Sherman) would exhaust his provisions while fighting, and probably have to strike for the nearest point on the seaboard, and it would be highly important to have an abundant supply of provisions meet him at the coast. He discussed the possibilities of the capturing of Savannah meanwhile, to serve as a base from which supplies could be sent up the Savannah River to meet him.

No one could help being profoundly impressed with the comprehensiveness of his grasp and the clearness of his views. His active and well-disciplined brain seemed to consider and provide in advance for every possible contingency that could arise in the doubtful fortunes of so vast a campaign. I was authorized to assure him that General Grant would spare no effort to co-operate with him to the fullest extent from the East, in the way of sending a fleet of commissary supplies, etc., to meet him as soon as it was known at what point he would be likely to reach the coast. His expressions as to his confidence in the certainty of his chief to make provision for him were as emphatic as the words written to that chief after the Vicksburg campaign: "I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place, you would help me out if alive."

It was agreed that the publications in Southern newspapers—which we always received through the lines—the information obtained from scouts, prisoners, deserters, and the "reliable contraband," would give ample news of his whereabouts and his progress through the country. After a full discussion of the subject in all its bearings, he gave me just before leaving a letter addressed to General Grant to carry back to him, which closed as follows: "I admire your dogged perseverance and pluck more than ever. If you can whip Lee and I can march to the Atlantic, I think Uncle Abe will give us a twenty days' leave of absence to see the young folks." The record of the success of that march to the sea has since become one of the most brilliant pages of American history.

Not many years ago, while sitting beside the General at a banquet, the band struck up the air with which he was invariably greeted upon public occasions, "As Sherman goes marching through Georgia." He said: "It seems that I am always to be known best as the commander of the march to the sea. I have never considered it by any means the most meritorious part of the work I was permitted to take a hand in during the war. I am, to be sure, deeply sensible of the value our people have set upon it, but the battles and campaigns it fell to my lot to conduct previously were, I think, better tests of a soldier's abilities."

When he had reached Goldsborough, North Carolina, in the spring of 1865, it was thought advisable for him to visit General Grant's head-quarters at City Point, Virginia, for the purpose of a consultation. On the afternoon of March 27th the steamer which brought him was seen coming up the James River, and when it approached the wharf General Grant started from his log hut on the bluff to greet his illustrious companion in arms. They met at the foot of the long flight of wooden steps which led down to the river. It was, "Why, how d'ye do, Sherman?" "How are you, Grant?" And then a cordial grasping of hands and more familiar terms of greeting, their manner being more like that of two school-boys encountering after a vacation than the meeting of the chief actors in the great tragedy of war.

To make the occasion still more interesting, President Lincoln and Admiral Porter were both at City Point. It was soon arranged that Grant, Sherman, and Porter should call upon the President, who was aboard the *River Queen*, the steamer which had brought him down from Washington. In the after-cabin of that vessel was held the conference between these magnates, the scene of which has been so faithfully transferred to canvas by the artist Healy. Sherman there gave a most graphic description of the stirring events of the march to the sea; and afterward, in answer to eager inquiries from our staff-officers, who collected about him around the camp fire, he related much of the story again. Never were listeners more enthusiastic; never was a speaker more eloquent.

The story, as he alone could tell it, was a grand epic related with Homeric power. Mr. Lincoln seemed very nervous and anxious lest something adverse might happen to Sherman's command in his absence, and as the General was as desirous as any one to return and push his operations in the field, he was given a swifter boat than the one which brought him, and started the next evening on his return.

A novel feature of Sherman's command was his "bummers." They were not mere stragglers and self-constituted foragers, as many suppose, but were organized for a very useful purpose from the adventurous spirits which are always found in the ranks. They served as the "feelers," who kept in advance of the main columns, spied out the land, discovered the well-filled granaries and tempting barn-yards on either flank of the main columns. They were indispensable in supplying the troops, all of whom were compelled to live off the country, and in destroying the enemy's means of transportation and communication. The bummer was in fact a regular institution.

As Sherman's army approached Goldsborough, a bummer who was a little more enterprising than the rest was found up a telegraph pole cutting the wires of one of our military telegraph lines running out from Wilmington. A Union officer yelled at him: "What are you doing there? You're cutting one of our own wires." The man cast an indignant look at the questioner, and said, as he continued his work, "I'm one o' Sherman's bummers, and the last thing he said to us was, 'Be sure and cut all the telegraph wires you come across, and don't go to foolin' away time askin' who they belong to.'"

General Sherman, as a subordinate, gave his chiefs no trouble in the field that could be avoided. He accepted what troops and supplies the government was able to furnish him, and did the best he could with them without grumbling. He cheerfully employed the tools placed in his hands, and was satisfied. He never demanded what could not be given him. He was too much of a philosopher to expect impossibilities. The General was always fond of talking with his men as they filed by him on the march. As Napoleon enjoyed chatting with the old moustaches of his guard, so Sherman loved to have a familiar word with his veterans. One day a soldier had taken off his shoes and stockings, and rolled up his trousers to wade across a creek. As the General rode by he was attracted by the magnificent specimen of nether limbs exposed to view, which might have served as models for a classic sculptor.

"A good stout pair of legs you've got there, my man," cried Sherman.

"Yes, General, they're not bad underpinning," replied the soldier.

"I wouldn't mind changing mine for them, if you don't object," added Sherman.

The man looked at his commander's legs, which appeared rather thin in comparison, then at his own, and finally said, "General, I guess we can't make a swap."

If General Sherman manifested at times something of the irritability of a Hotspur, and, like the soldier in the "Seven Ages," was "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel," it was because he possessed a sensitive nature, was conscious of the honesty of his purposes, and could not brook misrepresentation and affront. When he was given a command in Kentucky, he saw with his keen military foresight that the provisions made for troops were grossly inadequate for the work before them, and declared that Kentucky ought to have at once 60,000 men, and that it would require 200,000 to suppress the rebellion in that region. He urged his views with such persistency, and resented the harsh criticisms made upon him with such vigor, that he was called a crank, and charged with being insane, and finally deprived of his command. Subsequent events proved him to be a true prophet.

Immediately after the surrender of Lee, Sherman entered into a correspondence in perfect good faith with General Joseph E. Johnston, the commander of the forces confronting him, for the purpose of bringing about immediate peace, and made a memorandum of agreement, which included in the terms of capitulation all the Confederate troops remaining in the field. It announced in general terms that the war was to cease, a general amnesty was to be granted, as far as the Executive of the United States could command it, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate army, and provided for the distribution of arms and the resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men heretofore composing said armies; but it was distinctly stipulated that as the two Generals who signed the agreement were not empowered by their principals to fulfil the terms, they could only pledge themselves to promptly obtain authority, and to endeavor to carry out the programme as arranged. With Sherman it was an honest effort on the part of a humane commander to try and put an end to the war at once.

When this paper was forwarded to Washington, it reached there just after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, when public feeling was everywhere intensely excited.

The Secretary of War at once repudiated the terms, rebuked and censured Sherman in a published communication, charging him with exceeding his authority, impeaching his motives, and putting forth insinuations which were calculated to incense any one who had a proper regard for his reputation.

Sherman felt that his feelings had been outraged, not because his agreement had been disapproved, but on account of the offensive nature of the public rebuke.

He soon after entered Washington at the head of his army, receiving a greeting from the populace which might have ranked with the triumph of a Roman conqueror. There he met Secretary Stanton, but smarting under a sense of insult, he refused to give him his hand, and turned his back upon him. But notwithstanding the bitterness of his resentment at the time, he and Mr. Stanton became fully reconciled before the latter's death.

General Sherman was a many-sided man. He had run the entire gamut of human experience. He had been merchant, banker, lawyer, professor, street railroad president, traveller, author, orator, and soldier. Wherever he was placed, his own individuality was conspicuous and pronounced. He never failed to be intensely entertaining. His methods were always original, and even when unsuccessful they were interesting. He could not have been commonplace if he had tried.

His writings were as graphic as Cæsar's Commentaries. There was in his compositions an elegance of diction seldom found except in the works of professional authors. He has contributed some of the finest specimens of rhetoric to be found in modern books. In his description of the departure of the troops from Atlanta, given in his memoirs, his style rises to the sublime.

His letters are all models in their way. Nothing could exceed in grace and touching pathos the reply he wrote to the officers of his old regiment upon the death of his son:

"The child that bore my name, and in whose future I reposed with more confidence than in my own plans of life, now floats a mere corpse, seeking a grave in a distant land, with a weeping mother, brother, and sisters clustered about him.... But my poor Willy was, or thought he was, a Sergeant of the Thirteenth. I have seen his eye brighten and his heart beat as he beheld the battalion under arms, and asked me if they were not real soldiers. Child as he was, he had the enthusiasm, the pure love of truth, honor, and love of country, which should animate all soldiers. God only knows why he should die so young."

As a speaker the same qualities of style may be observed in his more serious efforts. For instance, his reference to the flag in an address made at a banquet to the veterans:

"The prayer that every soldier ought to breathe is that yonder flag should be above him in life, around him in death. What is that flag? A bit of bunting, a bauble, a toy. You can buy it for a few shillings in the nearest store. But once raise it as your standard, and millions will follow it and die under it. Insult it, and a whole nation of patriots will rise up in its defence, and you will find behind it all the power that can be wielded by the republic."

The General often fell into a jocose strain. Then there was a relaxing of the stern features, a merry twinkle of the eye, and a display of wit and humor that "set the table in a roar."

At a meeting in support of the Actors' Fund of America, held in Palmer's Theatre in June last, the General being called out, stepped to the front of the stage, and began by saying: "I confess I feel strange up here in such a presence. If the gentleman who has my favorite seat in the orchestra will kindly give it up, and come up here and take my place, I will cheerfully go to the box office and pay $1 50 for my old seat." Afterward he astonished the audience by the statement that the theatrical profession ought to feel indebted to him because he had once saved Joe Jefferson's life; and then went on to say: "Joe Jefferson called on me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and after he had left I saw a roll of paper under the chair he had occupied. I ran after him and cried, 'Joe, did you drop this roll of paper?' He turned to me with a look full of joy. 'My God, Sherman, you have saved my life!' 'What do you mean? How have I saved your life?' 'Why,' replied Jefferson, with that familiar twinkle in his eye, 'I am publishing my life, and that is the first chapter.'"

After having listened to nearly all of General Sherman's speeches during the last six years, I have no hesitation in ranking him second to no one as an after-dinner speaker. While the prestige of his illustrious name intensified the interest felt in what he said, yet I believe that if he had appeared at any banquet unheralded and unknown, and delivered one of his characteristic addresses, it would have been conceded that his speech was the hit of the evening. He had the art of beginning with some epigrammatic sentence or humorous allusion to some current topic, spoken in a way which at once secured the attention of the audience. He mingled wit and pathos in a happy blending which appealed to all minds and touched all hearts. As eloquence is only another name for earnestness, his serious utterances had all the power of the finest oratory. He leaned forward, gesticulated forcibly with his long right arm, looked his hearers full in the eyes, and seemed to be speaking into the particular ears of each individual before him. As a talker he deserved to be ranked among the great conversers of history, and, unlike many gifted conversationalists, he possessed the rare faculty of being a good listener. Even in the midst of one of his most animated recitals, if some one interrupted him to add a remark, he would stop, look at him good-naturedly, and nod approval. His lips, too, would often move in unison with the speaker's, as if "marking time" to the music of his words.

The General's education at West Point, which taught drawing and painting, gave him a knowledge of proportion and coloring, and cultivated a taste for art which created in him a great fondness for pictures and sculpture. This was largely increased by the opportunities he enjoyed in after-years in his visits to the art centres of foreign lands. His criticisms on art were very positive and decided. I was much amused one day, when talking to General Grant while a sculptor was modelling his bust in clay, to see General Sherman come into the room and begin a vigorous discussion with the artist as to the truthfulness of the resemblance. In his nervous, off-hand, rattling manner, he criticised one feature after another, insisting on a little more prominence here and a little less there, and running his fingers over portions of the moist clay to put his suggestions into effect. Finally, in his enthusiasm, he actually seized a tool out of the artist's hand, and was about to scrape off what he deemed a too prominent projection of the cheek, when the terrified artist, upon whose face the cold perspiration had broken out, stayed the hand of the ruthless amateur, and brought him to such a realizing sense of the comicality of the scene that he joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

From his earliest youth he had been a lover of the drama, and was always eager to express his gratitude to the theatrical profession for the pleasure it had given him. He was a frequent theatre-goer, was always in his seat before the play began, and watched the going up of the curtain with as evident delight as the child who sees that mystic veil rise for the first time. He was an excellent dramatic critic, and managers were always anxious to get his opinion of a play. At one of the dinners given him he had conspicuously displayed a small banner of exquisite workmanship, a birthday gift, bearing the motto, embroidered in gold, "Thine honor is the perfume of heroic deeds." This was the handiwork of Miss Ada Rehan, of Daly's Theatre, whose personations on the stage had often given him so much delight, and whose genius he held in such high esteem.

Perhaps the pleasantest years the General ever enjoyed were those passed in the city of New York. The cares of office had ceased, the arduous labors of his life were over, and wherever he went he found himself surrounded by those whose affections went out to him, and who vied with each other in doing him honor. No gathering in the metropolis was complete without him. In whatever circle he moved he was the centre; at whatever table he sat he was the head. The nation had lifted him to the highest military rank; Congress had presented him with votes of thanks; universities and colleges had conferred on him the degree of LL.D. Numberless home and foreign clubs and societies had made him an honorary member. There were no more public honors to bestow, and now he was receiving the courtesies and attentions of private life in a manner which gave the sweetest solace to the veteran's declining years.

The last farewells have now been spoken, the laurel which crowned the hero's brow is intertwined with the cypress, the flag he had so often upheld has drooped to half-mast, the booming of his guns has given place to the tolling of cathedral bells, and American hearts are oppressed with a sense of sadness which is akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."—From the Painting by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 134.]

VERBENA CAMELLIA STEPHANOTIS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

I.

THEN* the Priest, as the Rubric directs, took the child in his own hands, holding it dexterously and not like a 'prentice, or mere curate, unaccustomed to the right handling of a baby, but with a circular sweep of the left so that the head of the infant lay nestled in the bend of the arm and the body was supported by the hand, and the right hand was free to administer the healing waters of the font, and he said to the child's sponsors, who were her earthly father and her earthly mother, with Aunt Eliza, "Name this child."

To which the godfather, also the father, replied in a clear and intelligible voice, "Verbena Camellia Stephanotis." He was a short man with stooping shoulders, a broad forehead, and meditative eyes. When he had done this part of his duty, knowing that the clerk, as is usual in such cases, would do all the rest, his eyes departed from the situation and went right through the church walls into some far-distant place. In reality they were looking into his fernery, which was under glass about a mile and a half away.

Now the Priest was a masterful man, who scrupled not to restrain the unbridled sponsor by authority of the Church. Once, for instance, he refused to christen a child Judas Iscariot, even though his father was a profound total unbeliever, and therefore expected every allowance. On this occasion, also, he perceived that the proposed names were professional. He therefore changed the name by his own authority, and without asking the godfather's consent, to Vera Camilla. He entered these names in the book and showed them to the parents.

"It doesn't matter," said the father. "I shall call her what I please." In the end he never called her anything at all.

"Vera Camilla," said her mother. "It's sweetly genteel."

"Vera," said Aunt Eliza. "Why, it's a name fit for any lady. Verbenar indeed! You might as well have called the dear child 'Ollyock."

II.

Vera lived in the loveliest cottage ever seen: a cottage such as is sometimes provided for young lovers by a fairy: it seemed to be of one story, but there were really two small bedrooms in the two gables—they had sloping sides, and just room enough for a bed and a chair and a looking-glass. The cottage was covered all over with climbing plants up to the very chimney—Virginia-creeper, wistaria, clematis, jasmine, occupied each its own side or corner; a passion-flower held possession of the porch; the lawn before the cottage was trim and neat, mown and rolled till it was as soft as velvet and as smooth as silk. There were beds in which every kind of flower grew and flourished; and in the background there were flowering shrubs which blossomed, one or other, all the long year round.

The household consisted of the girl and her father, her mother now lying not far off. The father, always a meditative man, was entirely absorbed in his profession, and talked of nothing but his plants. He spoke of them as a school-master speaks of his pupils. He recognized promise, but experience taught him to look for disappointment. He knew the temptations and the dangers which beset the vegetable kingdom, their manners and customs, the failings and weaknesses of his plants. Of these things he spoke, and he was unable to speak or to think of anything besides. Did his daughter want anything? What should she want, living in a most beautiful and spacious garden planted with every tree, shrub, and flower that will flourish under the sky in northern London? All day long he was engaged with his flowers; in the evening he went to his club at the tavern. His daughter, therefore, saw him only at meals, where he mostly took his food in silence.

The cottage looked out upon the lawn, and therefore commanded a view of the great iron gates on the left, and in front the broad gravel road which led to the Ground, and on the right the Ground itself—not a park or a play-ground or a place of recreation—but the Ground. During the hours when the Ground was used the girl always sat with her back to the window as though the view displeased her. She had very early contracted this habit, and now continued it, though she no longer felt the least dislike to the view from the window or to the panorama of those who marched past in order to use the Ground.

The iron gates opened upon the high-road, now deserted, though in the old days it had been day and night covered with carts, wagons, stage-coaches, carriages, and droves of cattle. Now the tramp limped painfully along, or the young London clerk on Saturday afternoon and Sunday rolled swiftly along upon his bicycle. Otherwise the road was deserted, save for those who drove (for nobody walked) to the Ground.

About ten o'clock in the morning the business and activity of the day began, and continued without pause until the afternoon, when it stopped. At five o'clock the gates were closed. Then Vera had the Ground all to herself.

* I beg to express my obligation to my friend Mr. Charles Brookfield for the suggestion of the *motif* of this story.—W. B.

The business of the day began, and continued, with a procession. Sometimes it was a procession of many vehicles, but generally of no more than three. First there came an Ark with a treasure chest in it, and that so precious that it was covered all over with flowers. Next two carriages followed, drawn by black horses and filled with people, who sat bolt-upright when anybody was looking, and stuck out their chins with pride at their own respectability. The procession testified to the Family greatness. It is not often that the Family—which is, for the most part, an invisible unit—can illustrate its own greatness; in fact, this is nearly the only function which can serve that purpose. The procession entered the gates and drove slowly past the cottage, where the occupants of the carriages were often disappointed at seeing not the face but the back and the shoulders of a girl. That any one should have so little curiosity as not to turn round and estimate the respectability of a Family!

The carriages rolled on; they stopped before a small building where ceremonies were conducted. When these were finished the people came away, but without their treasure. They came away, got into the carriages, and drove away briskly. Not far from the iron gates is the tavern known as the "Fox and Grapes": here there is a large room with a comfortable fire for the reception of visitors. The tavern is famous, to those who use the Ground, for the most sympathetic of all drinks. It is unsweetened, except with lump sugar according to taste, and is taken with hot water.

All the morning long one procession followed another. They were all exactly alike, except that sometimes there was a longer following of carriages. Vera heard them pass, but she never looked round.

The Ground, in fact, was a cemetery in the West Finchley Road, the cemetery of a great London parish; a large park covering many acres, laid out in flower beds, lawns, gravelled walks, trees, and shrubs, so that in spring, summer, and autumn it is a very lovely garden, and even in winter it is not without its beauty. Among the flower beds and the shrubs lie in rows—row after row, miles of rows—the graves of the dead. Most of them have head-stones; many have broken pillars, crosses, square tombs, polished granite slabs, little columns planted with flowers. There were legends and epitaphs on these monuments. There is a certain monotony about the epitaphs of London cemeteries. Mostly, to those who read between the lines, they run as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of A. B., who lived seventy years, and did nothing worthy of remembrance. He was a sincere and consistent Christian, always horribly afraid of going to Heaven, and quite certain that no one would send him anywhere else. He thought of nothing but money, and he made a little, but not what he had a right to expect. He carried on his affairs to the end without being publicly disgraced. Every Sunday morning he went to church, and during the rest of the day he feasted. His family, who quarrelled over the division, speak of him no longer, and when his children die he will be as much forgotten as any Early Briton This stone is erected to the perpetuation of his imperishable memory."

The population of the place, although the Ground has only been opened for thirty years, is a quarter of a million. The Ground does not belong to a parish where men of letters, art, or science live, and there is not one of all this immense multitude whose works survive to continue his name for another generation.

When the processions of the day were over, the great gates closed, the chapel locked, and the *croquemorts* gone, Vera had the place to herself, and could wander about the paths. She knew every part of the cemetery; in one corner the little bit of coppice left uncleared; in another, the two or three apple-trees still remaining—remnant of an orchard; the part of the Ground not yet laid out, covered with long bents and darnel and coarse grass; and the hedge beyond this field, where she gathered blackberries in autumn and roses and honeysuckle in June.

She wandered alone about the great silent place in the summer evenings. Long after the sun went down her white figure among the white tombs shone ghostly in the twilight.

She never went anywhere. Her life was wholly spent within these walls. Half a mile up the road there was a school where she had learned certain accomplishments, which were of little use to her because she seldom read anything and never wrote. She made no friends. There is a certain prejudice attached to one resident in a cemetery. It is awkward to give a cemetery as your permanent address; some little odium attaches to any office connected with such an institution. Vera, therefore, had no friends. Other girls go about and see things; they have amusements. Vera went nowhere. Other girls, again, get a little excitement and change when they put on their best clothes and go to church. Vera did not go to church. The reason was not that superiority of intellect which shuts the church door to so many young ladies of the day, but simply because her father considered that when you have chapel services going on every day, the necessities of the human case are more than met. Between the time when Vera left school and the beginning of this history a period of two years passed away. That is to say, for two years the girl lived at the gates of the cemetery, and went nowhere else, except to the row of suburban shops near the school, where she bought the things she wanted for her house-keeping.

To a girl, almost a child, living thus alone among the tombs, with burials going on all day long, with no friends, no outside world except a long deserted road, life may come to seem like an endless *Danse Macabre*—a dance of death, a pageant of death. To this place, hither, must all be brought; it is the universal end. What was the outside world engaged upon all the time? Clearly, she concluded, undertakery. Some made coffins; some coffin plates, handles, ornaments, linings, shrouds; some made black carriages; some black coats and black frocks; some were told off to read the service appointed; the head undertaker was the chief Minister of State; nothing was regarded but the future occupation of the Ground; the chief object in saving money was to provide for a respectable procession. Life was all death; clothes, nothing but a sign of mourning; clergymen, chaplains to cemeteries; religion, an assurance to the bereft; everything beautiful was intended for nothing but the adornment of the permanent home.

I do not say that Vera put all these thoughts into words: young girls do not formulate their thoughts; language cannot clothe them; but they assumed this color and complexion. The cemetery was all she really knew. Perhaps because everybody who came to the ground was clothed in black, Vera, with a kind of instinct rather than by protest, dressed always in white. No one would have interfered with her if she had chosen yellow; but she chose white. Black belonged to the processions; black belonged to the ladies who came afterward, sometimes for as much as six months later, with flowers. The black spots moving about among the green graves and the flower beds in this beautiful garden offended the girl's eyes. Therefore she wore white; in winter white flannel and in summer white stuff. She carried a basket and a pair of garden scissors, and she went about attending to the flowers of the forgotten graves, those for which there were no longer any mourners to pay the gardener. She was a tall thin slip of a girl about sixteen years of age, as yet with little of the womanly figure. Her fair hair, abundant, hung unconfined except by a ribbon; her blue eyes were large and serious; her face was grave; her very step was serious. She neither laughed nor sang nor danced as she went along, although she was so young. You see, it checks laughter and singing to remember that though a quarter of a million may be listening, they cannot reply even with an echo. I read once of a child brought up in a nunnery, one of the austere houses where the sisters dig their own graves, and where the days are forever cheered by the sound of the knell of the passing-bell. Then I remembered Vera. As that cloister child, so was Vera.

III.

The ties of kinship are less respected on certain social levels than on others. The English family very easily breaks up into separate pieces. Brothers and sisters go their own way; they scatter. If they remain in the same place, they quarrel. Children who should be cousins know each other no longer. Those who get up in the world are too proud to inquire after those who remain down below; those who are below are too proud to intrude upon those who are up. Family pride, therefore, has its uses. Vera's father, for instance, remained head gardener of the new cemetery. His brother—though this he did not know, because he never read any newspapers—was Prime Minister of New South Wales. Another brother, also unknown to him, was a silver king, and controlled I know not what. He remained. Had he gone abroad, as his brothers did, he would have become botanist to a colony, professor of botany in the Colonial University, Fellow of the Royal Society. As it was, he remained at home, and was a gardener, whose thoughts never travelled beyond his plants.

But even at home one may rise. Vera had an aunt—her mother's sister—her aunt Eliza. She, by reason of her husband's great success, had climbed to a dizzy height, even to a house in Bedford Square and a carriage. Aunt Eliza's husband, indeed, was none other than the well-known, ever-famous purveyor in the City. It would be hard indeed if so eminent a citizen should not have his carriage and his house in Bedford Square beautifully furnished, and on Sundays his dinner parties at three in the afternoon. But Aunt Eliza had wellnigh forgotten the existence of her niece. Her sister was dead, her sister's husband was gardener to a cemetery; there was a child. Prosperity makes one acquainted with other prosperous persons; people who have a good concern in the City cannot remain on intimate terms with cemetery gardeners. Do not blame Aunt Eliza; 'tis the way of the world. She had not called at the lodge for fourteen years.

One day in leafy May, the laburnum and the lilacs being in full flower, there entered the gates a procession of great length and magnificence, with such waving plumes and such a pile of flowers as denoted respect to success. Evidently a prince in Israel. Vera, sitting in her room with her back to the window, was conscious only of prolonged blackness grating over the gravel.

When everything was over, and the mourners were returning to their carriages, one of them, a portly dame of benevolent aspect, walking beside her husband ('twas her of the ——), whispered, "John, I must stay behind and see him, if it's only for poor Amelia's sake. Tell them I am staying to see the grave of a friend. You go on, and I will get home by myself somehow."

When the last carriage had passed through the gates Aunt Eliza opened the door of the lodge.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried, "I suppose you're Vera. Lord, how you're grown! A young woman, I declare, and a pretty one too. Give me a kiss, my dear; I'm your aunt Eliza, come for a funeral. Well, to be sure! Why, it's a pretty room and all, though, of course, one wouldn't expect to find you sitting on a coffin lid. And where's your father, my dear?"

When at last she went away she held out both hands and kissed her niece kindly.

"My dear," she said, "it's perfectly dreadful to think of a child like you—a big girl too—sitting among the tombs all the while, like as if you were possessed, seeing nobody and talking to nobody and going nowhere. It's enough to make you melancholy mad. You shall come to see us. John and me will make you welcome. Look here, now, Vera, my dear—I remember when your father wanted to call you Sweet William or some such name—you come next Saturday afternoon. Come early, and I'll get you some pretty things to wear, though white is always becoming, I will say that. In the evening we'll go to the theatre and see my favorite Nina Cazalet. Sunday morning, if it's fine, we always drive out. There's open house for dinner, and the rest of the day with such laughing and talking as you never heard. Ugh!" she shuddered, "you *can't* laugh in a cemetery. That's right; you'll come. Don't let on about the cemetery, you know. In a year or two, perhaps, when the young man comes along, you can break it gently. That's settled, then, and I'm glad I came; truly glad I am."

IV.

A place filled with people; the women in lovely dresses, smiling and talking, the men as animated and as happy as custom permits. Bright light everywhere; a band playing sweet music; a curtain painted with girls and young men, flowers, dances, and sunshine; the air charged with the perfume of joy and youth. Vera sat beside her aunt in the front row of the dress circle, her eyes wide open, her lips trembling, her hands trembling, her whole frame tingling with the wonder and the novelty of it.

Then the curtain drew up, and then for three hours Vera was ravished away. The theatre existed no longer; she was not sitting before a stage; she was looking on, unseen, at fairy-land. She saw for the first time youth and the happiness of youth; the joy of being beautiful, the joy of being loved, the joy of living and wooing, the joy of sunshine, the joy of life; for the first time she felt that yearning for joys unattainable which glorifies youth though it makes that time unhappy. She heard the gospel of joy. When the house laughed she felt as if something jarred. It was as if she was recalled rudely to the actual world. The bell would be tolling next. She looked on grave, wondering. When the curtain fell between the acts she sighed and gasped, and the tears came into her eyes. When her aunt spoke to her, she replied faintly, because her mind was with the play.

Among the company was an actress who took the leading part. To this girl she seemed like a being of whose existence she had never even dreamed. She was young, she was beautiful; she had a sweet face and a sweet voice; her lips were always smiling, her eyes beamed with happiness and with mirth; in the play all the men loved her and courted her, in the house the young men clapped their hands for joy whenever she appeared. She was the Queen, the Goddess, the Patron Saint of love and happiness and beauty. Vera followed her as she moved upon the stage; her carriage, her gestures, her voice, her eyes, fascinated the girl.

When all was over they came home through the lamp-lit streets in a hansom. Vera went to bed too much excited to sleep; happy just to lie and recall the evening, and to see again in imagination the actress who had charmed her with her simple spell and pretence of happiness.

On Monday she went home, arriving with the second procession of the day. All the day, all the week, she walked about restlessly, in the evening she wandered in the Ground; but she avoided the inhabited portion. She had to pass through the graves in order to get to the unused field; she shuddered as she passed, because her head was filled with a yearning after what she had seen upon the stage. There dead people had been taken, perhaps, from such a world of joy—a world where the undertaker is not seen. Only in the far corner of the field did she feel able to give herself up to the thought and recollection of the theatre.

When Saturday came she did a strange thing. First she made up a bouquet of white flowers, then she wrote a little note and pinned it among the flowers. "From Vera. I love you. If you will let me love you, carry my bouquet." She tied up her bouquet in silver paper, and after tea, at six o'clock, she took her jacket and her hat and went out of the gates and turned down the road in the direction of London. Her father was gone to his club. He would not get home until ten, and she always went to bed at nine. He would not know.

It was nearly eight o'clock when she arrived at the theatre. She boldly walked in through the crush of the people who were

crowding in, and asked the ticket-taker how she was to convey her flowers to Miss Nina Cazalet. He directed her to the stage-door, where she found no difficulty in sending in her gift. Then she returned to the front of the house. Here she made the discovery that dress-circle seats were seven shillings apiece, and she had but two shillings in her purse. With this modest sum, however, she found a place in the pit, and sat there with beating heart until the curtain rose.

Alas! Nina Cazalet came in without her bouquet, and her heart felt as heavy as lead. Then she reflected that in such a piece the actress could not carry a bouquet. This thought relieved her. Perhaps the actress would make some sign to her; but no sign came. Then she remembered that the actress could not possibly know her by sight, and again she took courage. Finally she surrendered herself to the magic of the piece, and once more lost all consciousness while the comedy was played. The theatre over, she came away. The street was full of people, pushing and shouting. Vera stood hesitating. Somebody spoke to her. She turned and walked away. She walked through crowded slums and through deserted streets. No one molested her; she had no fear. She came out at length beyond the houses into the long dark road, stretching north, between hedges. All the way she noticed nothing. Her brain was filled with the voice of the actress, and with her face, and with the magic of her grace, and with the joy, unlike anything ever known on earth, which this white witch poured into the hearts of those who sat at her feet.

It was a fine night; the stars were out. The lilac filled the air as Vera turned into the lodge garden. She crept noiselessly up stairs. She opened her window and looked out; she could see the white lines of headstones and of tombs.

"Oh," she thought, "did they know—those poor things, the dead—that there are places where people do nothing but laugh and sing and are always happy?"

V.

Miss Nina Cazalet sat in her room under the hands of a dresser. As one who entirely realized how much the attractions of a woman are assisted and heightened by art, she generally took the keenest interest in every detail of her stage toilette. This evening she was passive and silent. This queen of joy, at whose presence the clouds of care rolled back, was herself gloomy. A sense of impending misfortune hung over her. She held in her hand a letter which she had read twenty times, and each time with a heavy sigh. It was from her lover. "Choose," it said, almost in so many plain words—"choose between your lover and your profession. Give up the stage or give up the lover." A dreadful alternative! She would have been happy with both, but with one only of the two she would be wretched. How could she give up her lover? How could she give up her art? "Choose," said her lover; "I will await your choice."

"Something dreadful is going to happen," she said to her dresser. "Last night I had terrible dreams. I've had this letter for three days, and every time I try to answer it I am held back. I cannot answer it. A cruel letter! What has made him write it?"

"Don't think about it till the piece is over."

"No—not till the piece is over." Nina sat upright and nerved herself. "I've had such a frightful headache all day long—I can hardly drag my limbs. But I shall manage, somehow. Oh!" she started nervously, "who is that knocking at the door?"

It was something tied up in silver paper. Nina tore it off impatiently. "Always the same," she said. "Every Saturday for the last two months. Who is Vera, I wonder?" She opened the note. "Always the same words, 'I love you. If you will let me love you, wear these flowers.' They are beautiful flowers. Who is Vera?" She sat up and looked at the writing. The characters were square and almost childish. "Mysterious Vera! I am haunted by her. Well, I will find out who she is. Out of curiosity I will wear her flowers to-night. Let her love me? Well, there are not many women who want to love. As for the men— Put the flowers here; they are very pretty."

The toilette was finished. The orchestra played the last bars, the bell rang, the curtain rose up; the actress, with glowing cheeks, smiling lips, and bright eyes, ran upon the stage, while the house rang with cheers. Oh, who could hope to be as happy and as careless as this godlike creature? She carried away all who sat in that great house—all, even the poor dress-maker's drudges in the gallery, were rapt and ravished out of themselves, and for three short hours lived in a paradise of song and happiness and merry carelessness. A witch! a sorceress! But a white witch, a benevolent, kindly witch, who used her power for the happiness of the world.

When she appeared upon the stage, the young men gasped, and drew their breath, and many changed color, being victims of love the mocker who fills young men's hearts with the unattainable. And the girls all murmured, "Oh!" with a long sigh of admiration and of envy. In the front row of the pit there sat a young girl. She, at the sight of Nina, turned first red and then pale. She sat quite alone, which is unusual in the pit—or any other part of the house—even for older girls. She rose, and asked those behind her kindly to make room. She passed out and did not return.

It was half past eleven when Nina drove home. She lived alone save for her maid and her servants, and had a first-floor flat in Victoria Street. Her evening's work had been too much for her; she climbed the stair with difficulty, dragging her limbs and leaning on the balustrade. Her head reeled; her eyes ached.

She opened her door and went into her dining-room. The supper was laid; the lamp burned low; the windows were wide open for the warm air of July; the lamps of the street lighted the room. At the open window sat a figure dressed in white. When Nina entered, the figure rose. It was a girl. Nina saw that she was very young and that her eyes were beautiful.

"My dear," she said, surprised, "who are you? And what are you doing in my room? Unless"—her eyes wandered—"unless you are a ghost."

"I am Vera," said the girl.

"You are Vera! Who is Vera? Oh, I remember."

"You wore my flowers—you will let me love you. Oh!"—the girl caught her hand and kissed it—"you are so lovely; you are so happy; I have never seen any one so happy."

Nina reeled and caught the back of a chair. "This is some dream," she said. "I am in a delirium. I happy? And with this letter in my pocket? You are come to mock me."

She caught her burning forehead with her hands and sank senseless on the floor. The fever which had been hovering about her all day long seized her in its strong clutch and held her fast, so that for three long weeks she knew nothing.

The papers next day announced, with great concern, that Miss Cazalet was taken ill with some kind of fever. Everybody began to talk about the bad ventilation and the smells of the theatre. Next day, and for many days afterward, the street was blocked with the carriages of those who came to inquire after the actress. They drove and they walked; they left cards or they humbly took an answer and walked away. Most of them brought flowers; Covent Garden was cleared out every morning; the Parcel Post brought boxes of flowers from all parts of the country. There were flowers enough to furnish the weapons for a carnival. But the recipient of all this sympathy lay unconscious on her bed, revealing to her nurse all the secrets of her heart.

What the papers did not know was that by the happiest accident Miss Nina Cazalet had obtained the services of a nurse more devoted, more watchful, more jealous, than even the most scientific Sister in the most difficult case of the most dangerous ward. For Vera staid.

VI.

"I don't believe you care a straw what becomes of Vera," said Aunt Eliza. "What? She stays away for three weeks, and you never so much as ask where she is."

"I thought she was with you," replied the head gardener.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Where is she, then?"

"Staying with an actress. How she got to know her, however she came to think of it, how in the world—but there's no sounding the artfulness of a girl."

"An actress?"

"Oh, the girl's in good hands, I will say that. An actress, I said. 'Tis none other than Miss Nina Cazalet herself. I've been to the house. She lives in a most beautiful flat. The furniture is finicking; but then you can't expect actresses to furnish like plain folk. Finicking, but pretty. The girl came out to see me. Nina Cazalet was ill, and Vera is nursing her. She was very short with me when I wanted to know how she got there; but never mind, some day she'll tell me. Well, now, I asked her what salary she was to have. Nothing at all. Then I asked her where she took her meals. If she'd lived with the servants, I would have carried her off there and then, I would. But she doesn't. Boards, I understand, with the family, treated like them, has what the others have, diet unlimited, and, so far as I could learn, pudding every day. When Nina Cazalet gets better, I shall go and have it out with her. Meantime, I think Vera's a lucky girl, and you ought to be thankful, little as you care."

"The girl," said the gardener, "is living with the family, and there's pudding every day. Of course a growing girl requires pudding; stimulates the growth, like a little made earth. She's safe, and in good hands. In that case—" His eyes went out into space again.

VII.

The only man in all London, not counting those who never go to West End theatres, who did not know that Nina Cazalet was ill was the very young man who had written that letter. Why had he written it? Why do young men ever write cruel letters to young ladies? It is the inexorable pater. When the pater is poor, the young man does what he likes without the formality of asking permission; nor does the pater who has nothing to leave expect to be asked. Both are happy, therefore, and bless their poverty. This young man, unfortunately, had a pater who was rich, and, moreover, had absolute power over his money, which had been "made." Oh, the ingenuity of man which makes money, securities, shares, bank-notes, gold, silver, and bronze out of nothing—just nothing at all! See him in youth—naked, his hands empty. See him again fifty years later, laden with the money he has made. What feat of jugglery, what marvel of science, can compare with this transformation of nothing into everything?

"My son," said pater, the maker, "I hear nothing but good of this girl. I shall not oppose your marriage, because there is no nonsense in your case about marrying beneath you. Yet, with your prospects, you might have made a beginning of family connection. I make only one condition, that she gives up the stage. I can't have a daughter-in-law acting every night. I am sure you will acknowledge that I am reasonable. If you were to marry her without, you would be placed in the ignoble condition of one who lives upon his wife's earnings."

Therefore the young man wrote that letter. He put it as kindly as he could, but he put it plainly, thinking, in his folly, he had asked a small thing; and he had as yet received no answer. Had he looked at the papers he would have read that his mistress was ill; had he gone to the club, he would have heard the news. But he did neither. He sat in his private room in a Bond Street hotel, waiting for a letter which came not; he roamed the street, melancholy, asking himself why he had been such a fool as to expect that such a girl could possibly prefer such a man as himself, and such a humdrum life as he had to offer her, to the excitement of the stage and the practice of her art. Young men often ask themselves such questions; but the reply is never satisfactory. Why was I such a fool? Echo replies, "Such a fool." How could I have been such an ass? Another echo, "Such an ass." No; it is never a satisfactory reply.

"A young lady, sir, wishes to see you:" the waiter made this announcement. "Won't send up her name, sir."

"A young lady? No name?"

"Quite young, sir. Child almost. Says you must see her."

"Well, let her come up, then."

A girl dressed all in white stood in the doorway, looking curiously at him. Quite a young girl; tall and angular; long fair hair falling down her back; big blue eyes. And she gazed upon him, standing there, while you might have counted ten.

"I am afraid," said the youth, "that I do not recollect—"

"No, you have never seen me before."

"Why do you look at me so curiously, then?"

"I was wondering as I came along what kind of man you were. Because either you must be the best man that ever lived for her to love you, or it is a great condescension on her part—and perhaps a great pity and shame and her friends ought to interfere," she added, without so much as a comma.

"But who are you?"

"I can see from your face that it isn't for your cleverness that she loves you."

"Who loves me?"

"And the letter in my pocket proves that it isn't for your goodness, for only a foolish or a bad young man could write such a letter."

The young man changed color. Then he threw himself into a chair. "Well," he said, "I suppose you will tell me presently who you are and what you want."

"A man who was not foolish, and was good when such a girl as Nina—"

"As Nina!" He sprang to his feet. "You come from Nina?"

"—When such a girl condescended to love him, would be so much honored that he would ask for conditions and not lay them down. Oh, to make her happy, who every evening makes hundreds of people happy, and sends them home full of lovely thoughts, ought to be happiness enough for any man. But you—oh! you—you dare to make conditions. A great genius is in love with you, and you order her to give up her work. You pretend to love her, and you—" Here Vera's eyes overflowed, and her voice choked.

"You come from Nina? Tell me, have you a message—a letter—from her? Who are you?"

"My name is Vera; but you do not know me. I am staying with Nina. I am never going to leave her, whatever happens. Never, mind—never."

She spoke with great firmness and resolution. The young man gazed at her, bewildered.

"Nina is ill," she went on.

"Nina? Ill?"

"She has been ill for three weeks. All the time she has been off her head, and has been talking about you. That is why I have come here."

"Nina? Ill?"

"She has come to herself again, and she has left off talking about you; that was the first sign by which we knew—"

"Nina? Ill?"

"And I've come about that letter of yours. Here it is. I've borrowed it, but I must take it back."

"What am I to do?"

"Do you want to make her get well, or would you rather kill her? Well, then, sit down and write her another letter."

"What am I to say?"

"You are to say you withdraw this letter, and that you are truly sorry and ashamed for writing it, and that you humbly beg for pardon for insulting her with such a condition, and hope she will forgive you. I wouldn't if I were Nina; but perhaps she will, because she is a great deal better than all other women put together."

He sat down obediently, his face flushed, his hands trembling. He wrote rapidly, covering the four pages.

"There," he said, "give her that. Tell her—tell her if my life would be of any help to her, I would give her that."

Vera read the letter without asking permission. Since it concerned Nina's health and happiness, why not?

"Thank you," she said. "It looks as if you were really sorry; of course you ought to be. I dare say she will forgive you, and let you come and see her. I will write to you."

"No, no; I will call—I will call this afternoon. I shall be able to see you at least."

Vera turned to go.

"Stay!" he cried; "you think I have been a brute."

"I do," she replied, with the candor of an unspoiled soul.

"You don't understand. I have nothing in the world except my allowance from my father, who is rich. I have no profession, and no way of making money. He allows me to marry Nina on the condition that she leaves the stage. If she does not, he will disinherit me."

"Is that all?" asked Vera the unworldly. "You would rather keep the money than Nina? What a love!" I know not where she got her experience or theory of love, but this is what she said, with fine contempt in her eyes.

"Again you don't understand. I should then be in the contemptible position of a man who lives upon his wife."

"Why? Are you too proud to do something? I would mow the lawns and sweep up the leaves rather than do nothing."

"I am not too proud; I am only too ignorant."

"Would you like to be an under-gardener?" asked Vera, thinking of her own possible patronage.

He shook his head.

"What can you do?"

"I can do many things, but nothing that I can make into money. I can shoot, I can fish, I can play games, I can ride—"

A happy thought—nay, an inspiration—flashed across the girl's mind. She had often seen a cavalcade ride along the road—a troop of half a dozen girls, with one man, riding. He was their teacher.

"Why don't you become a riding-master?"

"Eh?" The young man started. "Why not? I could teach riding. I will. I cannot live upon Nina's salary. Tell her, child, that her husband must be independent. Tell her that if she can stoop to a riding-master—"

"I will tell her," said Vera.

VIII.

A fortnight later Nina lay on a couch beside the window. She was dressed; she was rapidly getting better. People had left off calling; there were no more bulletins; the procession of flowers had ceased to encumber the adjacent roads. She was better, and she was going to take a long summer's rest at the sea-side. At her feet, in a low chair, sat Vera, gravely watching in case she might want anything.

"Child," said Nina, who had been silent, "he came here this morning while you were out. Nobody could be kinder. He is quite fixed about becoming a riding-master."

"You laughed again yesterday afternoon," said Vera. "I heard you."

"Did we laugh? You thought I was never going to laugh any more. What can I do for you, Vera? Oh, my dear child, what can I do for you who have done so much for me? You dragged me back from the jaws of death; you have given me life again—and my lover again. What can I give you?"

"Why," said Vera, "you first showed me what happiness means."

"I will play to you, dear, when I am very, very happy—quite happy. I don't want to talk or to laugh, but to play soft music. People only laugh and make merry because they want to be happy. It is a sign. Old people do not laugh because there is no more happiness, and happy people never laugh because they have got all they want. Let me play to you."

She played for a quarter of an hour softly; then she began to talk while she played. "I shall be so happy that laughing and singing will become a burden to me. They are the prelude, you know, only the prelude—like the overture to the play. That is why, when you first knew me, you were so attracted. You were made to expect something which excited and pleased you. There is only one kind of happiness in the world, and I have it—thanks to you, Vera, thanks to you."

She turned her music stool, and held out her arms. "Child, you are nothing but a bag of bones and big blue eyes. That is because you have spent yourself in saving me. Now I shall make you grow fat and strong. Vera—"

"Well, Nina?"

"You have told me everything—all about your father and your aunt, who is a dear good soul; but there is one thing you have never told me. Where did you get all those beautiful flowers?"

Vera shuddered. Three weeks before she would not have shuddered. "I took them all," she said, "from the new-made graves."

THE SIOUX CHIEFS BEFORE SECRETARY NOBLE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

ROBERT LEE MORRELL.

ALBERT LA MONTAGNE.

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

SOME PROFESSIONAL AMATEURS OF NEW YORK.

Few things have been more relentlessly set up as a butt for wit and easy sarcasm than the love—craze, its detractors dub it—for acting as an amusement. The relation of the amateur to his audience has been described as that which was established in the fable between the boys who threw the stones and the frogs who reluctantly received them. Yet, as Dickens observed of weddings, "there really is no great joke in the matter"; and when the funny man has cracked his hundredth little jest on the agonies of the spectators, the fact still remains that numerous presumably sane people are willing to pay for and go to the performances of their friends, thereby plentifully benefiting many most meritorious charities.

As the Greek musician played together the stones that built the walls of Thebes, so the amateurs of New York played the Statue of Liberty part of the way toward its commanding pedestal on Bedlow's Island, and many a helpless victim of disease or poverty has found good reason to bless the self-sacrifice of these "arrogant incompetents." How much self-sacrifice these productions cost, few scoffers pause to think. A lengthened series of hard rehearsals is not the brightest kind of fun. The studying of a long part, the settlement of details of dress and make-up, require and receive as much attention from the amateur as from the paid professional. A journey in the heart of winter to and from a distant suburb is not less physically unpleasant because it is undertaken for the sake of adding to the funds of the local hospital, and the fact that considerable personal gratification rewards these hardships should not in reason affect their recognition.

Incapacity finds its level among those who play so laboriously at playing as surely as among those who live by it, and the actor or actress who succeeds in making a name among professional amateurs, with whom alone the public has concern, must possess, besides a natural gift for acting, a stanch and abiding love for and interest in their favorite art. Professional amateurs is a convenient term, in no wise ironically intended, for those ladies and gentlemen who without individual profit, not indeed without actual expense, are willing to put their talents to the test of an independent paying audience, and who are justified in their courage by their success. Of such New York makes a good showing in quality as well as in mere numbers, and most of the best of them have gravitated to the Amateur Comedy Club, the most perfect organization of its kind in the city.

It was founded in 1884 for the purpose of producing comedies only, in unavowed protest against the solid gloom of the romantic dramas, which alone satisfied the growing ambition of Mrs. James Brown Potter. It is composed of thirty active members, all gentlemen, who specially invite the necessary ladies to assist them, and of one hundred and sixty associate members, who are entitled to five tickets for each performance, but who neither act nor take any part in the management of the club. A striking light, by-the-way, is thrown upon the supposed sufferings of amateur audiences by the fact that though the associate members pay more highly for the privilege of looking on than do the actors for appearing, the limit number and the theatre are always full.

The yearly performances are three in number—one at Christmas, one just before Lent, and one after Easter. Among the plays produced have been *A Scrap of Paper*, *The Snowball*, *London Assurance*, and *Our Boys*, all of which call for clever acting and careful rehearsal, and all of which proved by their success to have received both in full measure.

The latest performance was given a few nights ago, when the "stars" of the club were chosen to do honor to the occasion. The play selected was *New Men and Old Acres*, a tender little comedy by the late Tom Taylor and Augustus Dubourg, which in years past served as one, and not the least notable, of the stepping-stones by which Miss Ellen Terry rose to her present fame.

In this case comparisons are unnecessary, as they are proverbially objectionable; and if Mrs. Daniel Paine Griswold lacked somewhat of the airy audacity of her great predecessor in the part of Lilian Vavasour, she endowed it with a dainty humorousness and truthful pathos that was altogether charming. That this lady stood out easily pre-eminent among her fellow-actresses need be accounted no disparagement to them, since as Miss Annie Robe she gained in the stern school of professional work that precision and delicacy of finish which the fitful and leniently directed efforts of amateurs cannot hope to supply. Apart from this unattainable unity of purpose and effect, the ladies all showed that their many previous yieldings to the fascinations of the foot-lights had favorably developed in each an undoubted share of natural dramatic ability. Miss Shippen, Miss Cleather, Mrs. Hilborne J. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teale have given pleasure to many audiences, and with Miss Otis,

MRS. DANIEL PAINE GRISWOLD AND MR. WENDELL.

MR. MORRELL AS DICK WHITTINGTON IN THE BURLESQUE OF THAT NAME.

MR. LA MONTAGNE AS BLASENBALG IN "NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES."

MR. WENDELL AS THE CHEVALIER IN "A GAME OF CARDS."

MR. COWARD IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "CAPTAIN KIDD."

THE PROFESSIONAL AMATEURS OF NEW YORK.

who has, at least temporarily, retired, and Miss Elsie De Wolfe, who has at length decided upon adopting the profession, have formed a strong reserve of willing women's strength for the members of the club to draw upon.

Mr. Robert Lee Morrell the other night as Bertie Fitzurse was so bright, fresh, and vivacious, so breezily boyish that it is difficult to conceive of him as a low comedian or old man; yet in the course of his six years' practice he has called forth much enthusiastic praise in these lines. His blundering John Duck in *The Jacobite* was an intensely funny performance, and his rascally old Baron Croodle in *The Money-spinner*, a clever bit of characterization. He was for many years the manager of the Columbia College Dramatic Club, and took part in numerous burlesques under its auspices. But nature as well as inclination has cast Mr. Morrell for light comedy and juveniles, his Talbot Champneys in *Our Boys* being a very notable piece of work.

Though he naturally extracts much enjoyment from that which he gives, he regards his art very seriously, as a study rather than amusement, and it is to the instruction that he has obtained from such masters as Francis Wilson, Daniel Belasco, Dion Boucicault, and others that he owes an ease and certainty unusual in amateurs. Whether in the end he will be lured into the profession is more than doubtful; but should it so fall out, there is a place in such parts as Francois in *Richelieu*, the boys in *The Lyon's Mail*, *Betsy*, etc., which is sadly wanting an efficient occupant, and which he would fill to a nicety.

Next to Mr. Morrell's Bertie, Mr. Albert La Montagne's Blasenbalg was the most artistic and distinctive piece of acting. The strikingly German-Jewish make up, the voice, accent, and manner combined to form a really life-like portrait of the stolid scamp which could not well have been improved, and which was the more creditable to its creator, since he is this season adding the arduous functions of stage-manager to his merely mimic duties. Mr. La Montagne, like most of his colleagues, began his stage career when a student twelve years ago, with the extraordinary effort of appearing at the Germania Hall, now Tony Pastor's, in three different lines of female character, each in a different language—the leading lady in a German play, the *ingénue* in a French one, and the soubrette in an English one. After this unprecedented performance he gave himself a long rest, and it was not until 1888 that he emerged again to play the lead in an old master. He then joined the club, and has since established himself securely as an unwontedly careful and clever character actor. He has also played, among other juvenile leads, Mr. Honeyton in *A Happy Pair* to the Mrs. Honeyton of Mrs. Griswold, and played it very well, but he is at his best in so-called dialect parts, and his Irishmen in especial are quite admirable. He has in his time played many parts for many charities, the most noted being the benefit given to Mrs. James Blaine, Jun., when amateurs and professionals joined their forces. On this occasion Mr. La Montagne made a decided hit as the eccentric lawyer Eytem in *Meg's Diversion*, and further distinguished himself in preventing what might have been a serious accident and panic in the packed theatre by pluckily and calmly removing an aggressively burning lamp.

Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, who gave much quiet distinction to the stately old English gentleman Marmaduke Vavasour, is an actor of long experience, having made his first appearance as Mr. Woritt in *Incompatibility of Temper* as long ago as 1875, and having acted leading parts in various farces during the two following years with the Polyhymnian Literary Society, well known to New York school-boys of that day. He carried his dramatic tastes to Harvard, and as Cedric the Saxon in a burlesque *Ivanhoe* spoke the first lines delivered on the stage of the present Δ. K. E. Club Theatre, of which, as of the Hasty Pudding Club, he was a distinguished member. He played for them in various burlesques—one of which, *Æneas and Dido*, went on a brief but triumphant tour with the original company to Philadelphia, Boston, and New York—and he took the part of the attendant on Œdipus in the famous Harvard production of that play.

He is an original member of the Comedy Club, and appeared as Robert Copper, the artist, in *Which is Which?* at the opening performance in the old University Club Theatre, on February 13, 1885. He supported Miss De Wolfe at her début in April, 1886; but the most interesting event in his dramatic history was the first production in America of Jerome K. Jerome's pathetic little play *Barbara*, in March, 1888, when he performed Cecil to the Barbara of Miss Ailsa Craig, the *nom de théâtre* assumed by Miss Ellen Terry's daughter, who made her first appearance on that occasion in the presence of her celebrated mother. Yet another first appearance in which he was concerned was that of Mrs. Griswold's entrance into the amateur ranks, after her retirement from the professional boards. They played together the comedietta *A Happy Pair*, and on another occasion Gilbert's *Sweethearts*, both of which excellent performances have been many times repeated since.

He has a very happy touch in light comedy parts, such as Albert de Rieux in *Weeping Wives*, and Tom Conyers in *Withered Leaves*; but he is at least equally good in character parts, his old Chevalier in *A Game of Cards* in particular being a most remarkable effort of make-up and acting, of which Mr. William Winter wrote to a famous tragedian: "His impersonation of the old French nobleman is really an *impersonation*. He got into the character and lived through the experience." Mr. Wendell is opposed, as a rule, to appearing at semi-professional matinées, but he has once made an exception in favor of little Tommy Russell, of whom he is a devoted admirer. Otherwise his services as an actor are at all times at the disposal of deserving objects, and are very freely claimed.

Mr. Theodore Boynton, another popular character, gave much force to the scheming side of Mr. Bunter, but failed to convey sufficiently the mask of good-humored vulgarity and cant with which that worthy concealed his purposes. Mr. Cleather has played many leading parts with much applause, but has not yet managed to shake off a stiffness of manner and awkwardness of gesture that marred an otherwise commendable performance. Mr. Camp lent his experience to complete a singularly effective cast.

Of the well-known amateur actors who have remained without the fold of the club, and who have no need of its prestige, the most remarkable is undoubtedly Mr. Edward Fales Coward, who, had he betaken himself to the professional stage—as he has more than once been strongly urged to do—would now be among the most prominent of our few light comedians and leading juveniles, for he has been performing with considerable frequency and ever-increasing effect for eighteen years. His first appearance in 1873 was in a burlesque with De Wolfe Hopper, at that time also an amateur, and his latest, a few weeks ago, in a dramatic rendering of Robert Buchanan's dismal poem, "Fra Giacomo." Between these two impersonations a bewildering list of parts unrolls itself, for during the intervening time Mr. Coward has played a number and variety that could be equalled by few regular actors in these days when long runs prevail and stock companies have almost ceased to exist. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," his histrionic course has been startlingly devious. The Ghost in *Hamlet* and Betsy Baker, Iago, and Sir Everton Toffee in the farce of *Checkmate*, Macbeth and Felix Fetherstone in *The Snowball*—the lightest of light-comedy parts—*Dan'l Druce*, in Gilbert's play of that name, and *Captain Kidd*, in a Columbia College burlesque so entitled, he has played them all. Polonius's oft-quoted company were "one-part" players fixed in iron grooves compared with him. We must add to this repertory romantic drama, farcical comedy, farce, and burlesque before we can hope to include all the one hundred and twenty-five characters he has presented.

That any one man should play all these diverse rôles with equal success is not to be expected; that he should have attracted favorable comment in most of them is sufficiently remarkable; that he has achieved high and deserved triumph in many is a tempered expression of his reputation as an amateur. When Mrs. James Brown Potter was winning the laurels which at length tempted her to the professional stage, he shared the glory equally in public opinion, and he with equal fame has aided and abetted Miss De Wolfe on her way to the same destination. With the former lady he made a distinguished mark as Larogue, the old privateer, in *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*, a highly effective piece of stage craft; as Austin Gray in *The Old Love and the New*, a brilliant bit of light comedy; and as Dogbriar, the ruffianly old tinker, in *A Moonlight Marriage;* while his Modus in *The Hunchback*, to the Helen of Miss De Wolfe, was a delightful exhibition of delicate humor, and his Scroggins, in *A Cup of Tea*, low comedy that excited the hearty admiration of Mrs. Kendal. Among many other characters his Citizen Sangfroid in *Delicate Ground*, Prosper Chambly in *Weeping Wives*, and the title rôle in *Gringoire* may be mentioned as the most popular as well as the most artistic. There may be one who is somewhat inclined to be a *laudator temporis* amateur *acti*, and to lament the decline of available talent, but with so much genuine merit to choose from no unattached projector of theatricals need yet despair, and though such an one may or does not believe in dramatic clubs, the Comedy Club must continue to be eagerly supported by actors and audiences alike as long as it keeps to its present high standard of persistent and intelligent effort.

MALCOLM BELL.

THE SIOUX CHIEFS BEFORE THE SECRETARY.

IN a small room in the building of the Interior Department there was on Saturday, February 7th, a curious and suggestive gathering. Some of those present were amused, others were irritated, others were despondent. Perhaps a few looked at it historically and philosophically, and found it intensely melancholy. This room was small, and crowded to its capacity. There was a desk near one end, and behind it sat the venerable Secretary of the Interior, with white hair and with an expression of alternate amusement and concern. Behind and around him was grouped a distinguished array of men and women—high officials and their wives and daughters.

On the other side of the desk sat a stolid, impassive company of strange-looking men—men with copper skins, high cheek-bones, prominent noses, and long, coarse black hair. They were the Sioux chiefs come to see the Great Father; come to ask pardon for their sins; come to find justice and mercy. They looked absurdly out of place and out of harmony. They were in an office in the midst of civilization, sitting on office chairs ranged in rows as at a town-hall meeting. They were not in buckskin, not gayly bedecked with feathers. They wore cheap, ill-fitting store clothes, white shirts, old-fashioned collars, curious neckties. They held in their hands white men's hats. Young-man-afraid-of-his-Horse, in the full glory of war-paint, with flaunting feathers, having on his back the bedecked insignia of the Indian Messiah, and breathing threatenings and slaughter, is a picturesque and terrible sight. Young-man-afraid-of-his-Horse seated in an office chair, wearing a ready-made suit, is quite another person. The one is an Indian chief, with traditions and memories of a vanishing race once free and noble and fearless; the other is a nondescript, neither civilized nor barbarian.

But when you think of what these men in the cast-off clothing of white men had to tell of wrong and sorrow and starvation, when you think how eloquently they told it in the face of the disadvantages, you will see that it was sad as the story of barbarians led captive in Roman triumphs, or as the story of Montezuma in the hands of the Spaniards.

The time was when Indian chiefs, scornful and supercilious, stalked into the council-chambers of the whites, and demanded their rights, and more perhaps. That was not so long ago. But see now to what these kinsmen of Philip and Tecumseh are come. The old-time lyric eloquence was there when American-Horse spoke of their sorrows, and Turning-Hawk told of their wrongs. The ancient guile and craft were there also when Two-Strike, full of years and caution, complimented the daughters of the high officials, and skilfully avoided the weak points of his people's conduct. But the boldness, the courage, the spirit, were gone with the paint and the feathers, the leggins and the moccasin.

They plead for the chance to become civilized. The war-path shall be no more. The tomahawk, the pillage, the warwhoop, the cautious trail over the trackless prairie—all are out of date, as traditional as Cooper's Mohicans. The council fire is exchanged for the steam radiator of a government office. The Indian affects cigars, and buys clothes from Baxter Street. He wishes to raise crops and chickens, and to elect municipal officers. Sitting-Bull died none too soon.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

SONG.

FOR me the jasmine buds unfold,
And silver daisies star the lea;
The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
And the wild rose breathes for me.
I feel the sap through the bough returning,
I share the skylark's transport fine;
I know the fountains wayward yearning—
I love, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that some time grieved,
Still, well remembered, grieve not me;
From all that darkened and deceived
Upsoars my spirit free.
For soft the hours repeat one story,
Sings the sea one strain divine,
My clouds arise all flushed with glory—
I love, and the world is mine!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

THE highest officer in the American navy, one of the great sea fighters of our time, who shared with Farragut the honors of New Orleans, with Grant the honors of Vicksburg, and with Terry the honors of Fort Fisher, died at his home in Washington on the 13th of February. "His service was conspicuously brilliant and successful," said President Harrison, in announcing Admiral Porter's death to Congress. "His achievements have given him a place among the foremost of the world's naval commanders," said Secretary Tracy in making it known to the navy. Indeed, his sixty-two years in our service, preceded by cruising under the flag of Mexico, make up an extraordinary story of romance, audacity, skill, and success.

He came of sailor stock. His great-grandfather, Alexander Porter, commanded an American merchant-man. His grandfather, David, was Captain of two vessels during the war of the Revolution, suffered captivity on the British prison-ship *Jersey*, with a brother who died there, and in later years became a sailing-master in the navy. His father was that famous Commodore David Porter who commanded the *Essex* during the war of 1812, and was one of the most illustrious figures of our elder navy. The Commodore's brother, John Porter, was also in the naval service. Of the Admiral's own brothers, one, Commander W. D. Porter, took part with his vessel, the iron-clad *Essex*, in the capture of Fort Henry, and afterward, with the same vessel, in the operations against Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Another, Henry Ogden, was executive officer of the *Hatteras*, sunk by Semmes in the *Alabama*. Still another, Theodoric, a Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, was killed in the Mexican war. One of his cousins, Captain David H., was an officer of the navy; another is General Fitz-John Porter, of the army. Nor will the honored name now perish from the active list of the navy with the passing away of its most illustrious representative. It is continued there by his sons, Lieutenant Theodoric Porter, of the navy, and Captain C. P. Porter, of the Marine Corps.

David Dixon Porter first saw the light at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of June, 1813, while the war with Great Britain was going on. When eleven years old, the Commodore took him on his cruise in the *John Adams*, against pirates in the West Indies. The voyage turned out to be the lad's entrance upon his own sea career, since his father, on returning, was temporarily suspended from duty on the charge of exceeding his orders, and thereupon offered his services to Mexico in her war of independence against Spain. He was made chief naval officer, and young David a midshipman, in the Mexican service. Thus launched, the boy cruised under the command of his cousin, Captain D. H. Porter, against the Spanish merchant-men, and signalized himself by vigilance and good conduct during the crushing of a mutiny on board. At the age of fourteen, he fought his first naval battle on the brig *Guerrero*. His cousin, the Commander, had attacked a convoy of Spanish merchant-ships on the coast of Cuba, and while so engaged was himself attacked by the frigate *La Lealtad*. In a desperate battle, Captain Porter was killed, a large part of his crew also killed or wounded, and the remainder, including the midshipman, made prisoners.

With his career thus begun betimes, the lad devoted himself to it with alacrity. Released from captivity, he returned to Mexico, and thence to the United States, and was there made a midshipman in the navy on the 2d of February, 1829; while the Commodore, dissatisfied with his experience in Mexico, also returned. Cruises in the frigates *Constellation*, *United States*, and *Congress*, and hydrographic survey work, with a confidential mission to San Domingo, mainly occupied the time until the Mexican war opened. He had then been a Lieutenant five years, and in that grade took part in the engagements at Vera Cruz, Tuspan, and elsewhere, and had command of the little *Spitfire*. After the war came the rush for the California gold fields, and Lieutenant Porter, procuring a furlough, was made a Captain in the mail steam-ship service between New York and Panama. The command of the *Supply* and various navy-yard and coast-survey service followed.

And now the great opportunity of his life had come. At the outbreak of the civil war he received the command of the *Powhatan*, which was sent with a convoy of troops early in April, 1861, to re-enforce Fort Pickens at Pensacola. His commission as Commander promptly followed this service, April 22d, and he was then engaged in blockading duty. Early in 1862 Farragut assembled his forces for the reduction of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the river defences of New Orleans. Commander Porter had been intrusted with the purchase, preparation, and assembling of a flotilla of about twenty schooners, each armed with a 13-inch mortar, and a fleet of war steamers to accompany them. When all was ready, the mortar boats, which were stationed about two miles below the forts close under the wooded shore, with their topmasts bound with bushes to disguise them, opened the attack. For six days, from the 18th of April to the 24th, they kept up their fire, their shells averaging 2800 a day. Then the main squadron, under Farragut, performed its gallant and ever-memorable exploit of running the gauntlet of the Confederate forts and vessels, fighting them as it passed. The fall of New Orleans was the inevitable sequence.

Leaving New Orleans in charge of General Butler's army, which had co-operated with the navy, Farragut pushed up the river to Vicksburg. There Porter's mortar schooners bombarded the forts, allowing the squadron to run by, and earning from Farragut the encomium that the flotilla had "never done better service." Made commander of what was known as the Mississippi squadron, in place of Davis, Porter next co-operated with Sherman in his movement against Chickasaw Bluffs; and soon after, in the expedition against Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, which he disabled with a very heavy bombardment. The fort surrendered to McClernand with nearly 5000 men. Grant had now begun operations against Vicksburg, and called upon Porter for aid. The first attempt of the Admiral was to force his way through the Yazoo Pass, which was defeated by the activity of the enemy. Without a moment's pause he sought another route—up the Yazoo to Steele's Bayou, thence to Black Bayou, thence to Deer Creek, thence to Rolling Fork, thence to the Sunflower, and down that stream. The whole distance was 200 miles; but after nearly reaching Rolling Fork he found the way obstructed by trees felled in front, while the troops who were to support him had been delayed. Trees also had been felled to cut off his re-

treat; but by days and nights of incessant work and fighting he made his way back, and saved his vessels. Grant, finding every path barred above Vicksburg, determined to attack it from below. Accordingly Porter prepared to run past the batteries. This he did on the night of the 16th of April, leading the way in his flag-ship *Benton*. A heavy fire was opened on the fleet, but it was answered with spirit, and while every vessel was struck, not one was much damaged. Being now below Vicksburg, Porter proceeded to silence the Confederate batteries at Grand Gulf. In this engagement his own ship was struck 47 times, and had 26 men killed or wounded. The fall of Vicksburg occurred on the 4th of July, 1863, the part of the navy having been not only to keep open the line of supplies and re enforcements threatened by the river batteries, but to throw shells into the city. The latter task kept the mortar boats, as Porter said, "at work 42 days without intermission." He also landed large guns, which were worked in the siege lines by naval crews. One humorous incident of Porter's work had been the fitting up of a dummy iron-clad, made of a coal barge, with a funnel of pork barrels, giving out a dense smoke. It drew the fire of the batteries as it floated past, and caused the enemy to blow up the guns of the *Indianola*, which had fallen into their hands. The thanks of Congress were given to him by name for these services, and his commission as Rear-Admiral was dated from the surrender of the city.

The remainder of the year was passed in keeping open the Mississippi and in various expeditions. Early in the spring of 1864 Admiral Porter was directed to co-operate with General Banks in the Red River expedition. The failure of this enterprise was complete, but Porter reaped laurels from it by his tactical skill in extricating his fleet from the dangerous position in which it had been left by the retreat of the army, and by the fall of the water in the tortuous river. Relief came through the dam devised by Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey; and after some sharp engagements with artillery on the banks, in which the Admiral's little flag-ship was soundly peppered, he brought his fleet out in safety.

The last great war achievement of the Admiral was the bombardment of Fort Fisher on Cape Fear River, which blocked the way to Wilmington. He had been put in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, and assembled a powerful fleet of 54 vessels, including five iron-clads, besides many transports and store-ships. On the 24th of December, 1864, he silenced the forts with a tremendous bombardment from 35 vessels, holding the rest in reserve. General Butler, however, who commanded the land forces, did not consider the works sufficiently injured to justify an assault, and returned with his troops to Hampton Roads. The Admiral strongly dissented from this conclusion, and General Grant sent the troops back for a second attempt under charge of General Terry. On the 13th and 14th of January, 1865, Porter renewed his bombardment with 44 vessels, ranged in a curved line, the iron-clads nearest. The firing was directed at the guns of the fort, with most careful aiming, for the purpose of dismounting them. The heavy firing was renewed on the 15th, and then General Terry's troops, which had been landed, after very gallant fighting carried the works by assault. Porter had sent a strong shore party of 1400 sailors and 500 marines "to board the sea face of the fort," and although this column was repulsed with heavy loss, from having attracted much of the enemy's fire, it served a purpose. Admiral Porter now once more received the thanks of Congress by name, and it was the third occasion on which he had obtained that distinction.

After peace came, Farragut was made Admiral, a grade created for him, and Porter Vice-Admiral; and on the 15th of August, 1870, at Farragut's death, Porter succeeded to the exalted grade of Admiral, with the express provision that it should lapse with his incumbency. While Vice-Admiral, he served with energy and success as Superintendent of the Naval Academy. His duties as Admiral were not arduous, but he kept himself informed of the progress made in his profession, on which he frequently gave testimony before Committees of Congress, while also discussing naval topics in his annual reports and in periodical literature. He turned out also to be a prolific writer, publishing not only a life of his father, a *History of the Navy in the War of the Rebellion*, and *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, but a novel called *Allan Dare and Robert le Diable*, and still another work, *Harry Marline*. These last four were all published after he had reached the age of seventy-two. The year before last he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to the daughter of Commodore Patterson, who survives him, with their four sons and two daughters.

The career of this famous sailor owes its success to a combination of boldness, energy, inventiveness, and knowledge and love of his profession. He was full of resources, and not cast down by temporary bafflings. He was quick to appreciate and use any suggestion of subordinates. He cared little for precedent, and was little trammelled by conservatism. As an enterprising commander he will always hold a high place in the annals of his profession and in the admiration of his countrymen.

AMATEUR SPORT.

THE RESOLUTION CONFINING TROPHIES in boxing contests to medals, and limiting their value to twenty dollars, passed by the Board of Governors of the New York Athletic Club last week, should be engraven on tablets of bronze, and conspicuously displayed in the committee-room of every athletic club in America. Walter G. Schuyler, as president and chairman, and every member of his Athletic Committee have earned the warm gratitude of all interested in the prosperity of amateur sport. The action is particularly gratifying to me; for the past two years I have been constantly advising such a course, and have stood alone, at least publicly, in condemning the unhealthy condition of these quasi-amateur competitions. The attitude taken at last by this powerful club means a deliverance from the cankerous influences of the semi-professional element that was creeping into our recreations. It preaches reform and purification, it assures us that the heyday of the mug-hunter has waned, and that no longer finding the manly art—save the mark!—under the protecting wing of our clubs profitable, he will gather in his henchmen and slouch off to the Bowery, where he belongs. The initiative taken by the New York Athletic Club will be followed by all the larger clubs—it must be; the Manhattan Athletic Club cannot afford to harbor what its rival spurns, and, indeed, if I voice the sentiment of the Manhattan Athletic Club members, and I believe I do, it has no wish to do so. The Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy has not found it necessary to go outside of its membership for boxers, and therefore has not been an offender. The Boston Athletic Association has managed thus far to steer clear of the obnoxious drift-wood on the athletic sea, though there has been an undercurrent working to take in athletic members which I hope will be absolutely turned by the better sentiment that seems to be taking possession in athletics.

COMMENDABLE AS IT IS, this action of the New York Athletic Club is but the first move of a number that must yet be made ere we bring athletics up to the standard of sport pure and simple. It is folly to combat the influence of the better element. Just as certain as grass grows and water runs, so surely will the gentleman in athletics, in sport generally, spread the refining influence of his presence, and drive the undesirable element to its proper sphere. I said last week that there is not room for two kinds of athletes, at least not under amateur auspices, and as the man of culture rises above his fellows in the daily strife of life, so will he also in his pastimes. For the past few years there has been a very strong tendency shown in our large clubs to look too much upon the athletes as performers for the clubs' especial pleasure. This works great harm to the cause, and is to be attributed entirely to the manner in which clubs have been enrolling athletes with no consideration whatever of their social fitness. I am by no means assuming that every athlete should have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but I am advocating that every athlete should be a gentleman, and it rests entirely with the clubs that such shall be the case. There is an unlimited field in a score of already established clubs where those that find the society of gentlemen uncongenial may disport themselves on the track to the delight of their "ladi frens," or slug one another for the possession of a gold watch or suit of clothes. There is no reason why these people should not have their clubs and their fun, but the future of amateur sport in this country does not depend on their assistance, and we do not wish to see them in the New York, Manhattan, and kindred club-houses, or swaggering about with their club emblem.

SAID A WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE to me a few days ago, "Why don't you roast those fellows?" "What fellows?" I asked. "Those fellows that are working the expense resolution, and want to cut prizes down to medals. It will ruin athletics. None of us will run for a medal. What can we do with a medal?" Roast? Dear me! I wish it were possible for me to do a bit of roasting to my own liking. I should like to turn the spit for a few rounds. It would be a day of lamentation for mug-hunters, imported athletes, and athletic impresarios. Ruin athletics! Fancy this class of men ruining anything except the claim to respectability of one seen in their society! One might with equal sense talk of a scavenger's cart depopulating a city by passing through its streets. The newspapers are continuously ventilating the complaints of a certain class of athletes over the proposed expense resolution and limiting of prizes. What bearing has the dissatisfaction of these men on the future of athletics? It is a good opportunity to get rid of them. Unfortunately it looks very much now as though there would be no definite legislation on these two questions until the reorganization of the Amateur Athletic Union, to be effected March 18th. Now that reformation, started by the N. Y. A. C., has set in, however, the several clubs will work out their own salvation without the aid of the A. A. U. Indeed more good can be accomplished by one or two of our large clubs than by a half-dozen weak-kneed A. A. U.'s. It's all very fine to indulge in flowery post-prandial speeches over the "great work" that the Amateur Athletic Union has done, but as a matter of plain fact the life of the A. A. U. has been an extremely insipid and inconsistent one, relieved by an occasional spasmodic though hopeless effort to wake up. Recently it has quite surprised itself by its vigilance. It likewise visited surprise upon all of us when Harry Fredericks and one or two other professionals were recently reinstated as amateurs. In the mean time Malcolm W. Ford remains, so the A. A. U. says, a professional. Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

OF COURSE THE LACROSSE PLAYERS that were suspended by the A. A. U. for competing in the Madison Square tournament last month are entering strong pleas for reinstatement, basing their claim for recognition on the ground of lack of intention to err. Ignorance of the law is not recognized in the court. The most reprehensible feature of this tournament, in my opinion, was the fact of its being given by the "management" of the Madison Square Garden—in the same manner in which they the month previous put on a large ballet—not in the interest of sport, but as a money-making scheme. Indians, low-rate professional players that gave a wretched exhibition, were brought down to play, and it was advertised that "pieces of jewelry valued at thirty dollars" would be given every competing amateur. The amateur instinct of every player should have kept him away from such a hippodrome; that failing, his club should have prohibited his entry. The sinning is more against the amateur principle than the A. A. U. ruling; if it were possible, the men ought to be fined, and their club compelled to pay three-quarters of it. As that is not possible, they should continue suspended to jog their memory as to what an amateur should and should not do.

THE RAMPANT RECRIMINATION in which the devotees of the A. A. U. base-ball association and the American Base-ball League are indulging is highly amusing to those of us without the charmed circle; it is likewise thoroughly instructive. The bone of contention between the two appears to be the conclusion as to which is the better amateur, the difference seeming to be that one pays some of its players and acknowledges it, while the other, doing likewise in the first instance, falls short in the second. It is folly for these two organizations to waste valuable time in spatting at one another; both have done some good in their way, and can do a great deal more. The League has really done a great deal for the game. Until its formation amateur base-ball was very corrupt; players, especially batteries, that had been out and out professionals, were secured by enterprising clubs, and paraded as amateurs. When the Amateur League was formed its supporters believed the best way to throttle the growing evil was to countenance the employment of semi-professional pitchers and catchers, and fix the most stringent rules regarding all other positions. The plan worked excellently, and no club in the League employed a professional when a good amateur could be had. Skilled amateur pitchers may be secured from time to time, but it is wellnigh impossible to find a competent man outside of college who is willing to go behind the bat and run the risk of having his hands knocked out of shape; as a consequence all the League clubs have employed catchers. Now when the Amateur Athletic Union last year stepped on to the base-ball field with the very commendable desire of still further purifying the game, we rather expected great results. Its first season was disappointing; the game it put up was good enough, but it almost immediately deserted its colors, and in a few weeks was as much in the mud as the League was in the mire. To my certain knowledge two nines had players that were virtually paid, while the reinstatement to the amateur ranks of a professional player for the benefit of one of the clubs created great dissatisfaction among the others. Now the lesson to be taught from this is: If the Amateur Athletic Union is going to have strictly amateur base-ball, and makes rules accordingly, it must keep a sharp lookout that those rules are lived up to, and have sufficient courage to disqualify any club that offends. Otherwise protestations are vain, and the A. A. U. officials become the laughing-stock of the athletic world.

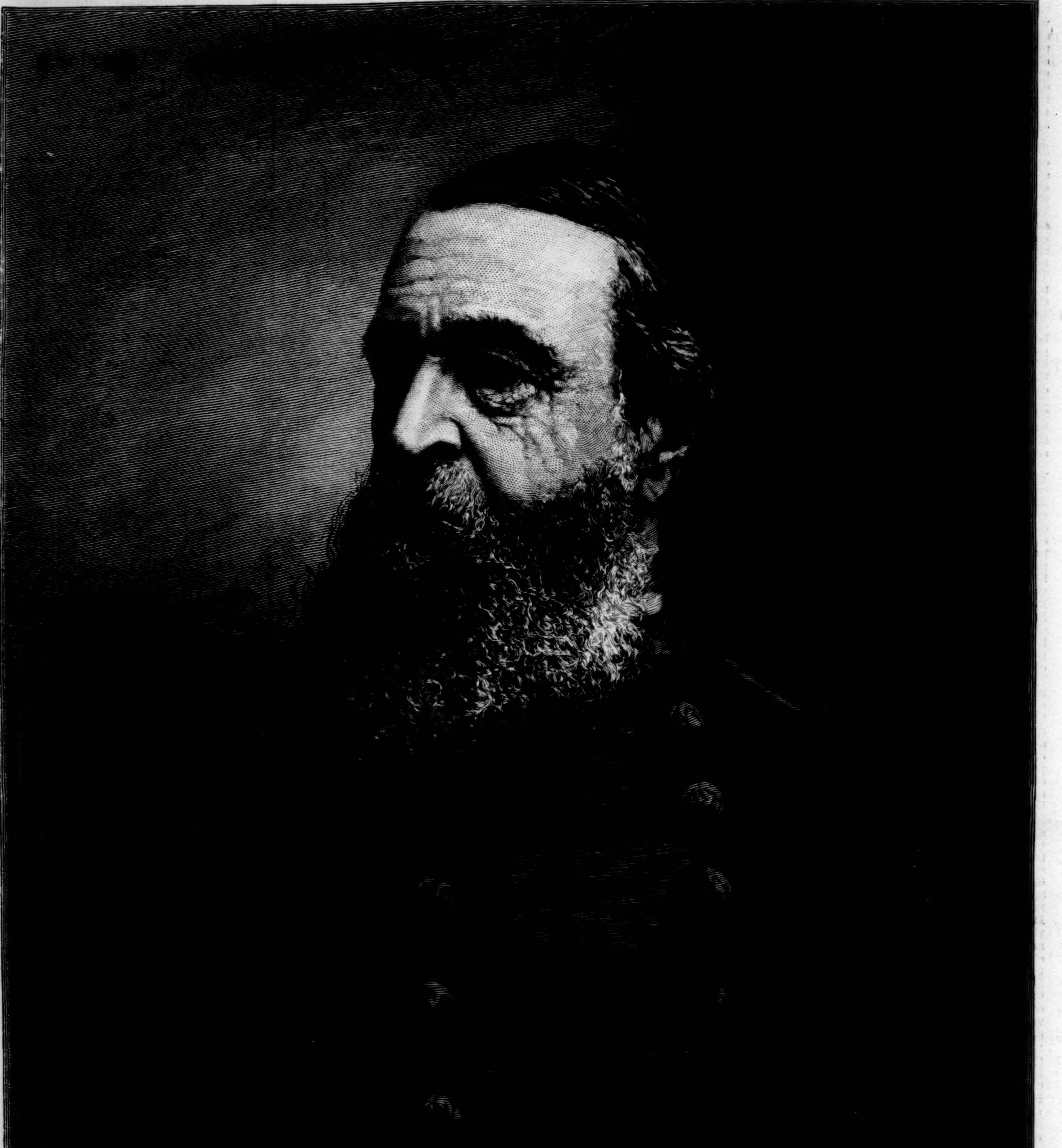
COLUMBIA HAS FINALLY adopted a policy with the candidates for its crew that will, I believe, permit of its making a much better showing than for several years—at least two. That ever-recurring fallacy of star worship was certainly the means of wrecking its prospects last year. There are several men in Columbia that are good oarsmen, and generally the first official act of every crew captain is to seek them out and implore their aid. Consenting half-heartedly, they train indifferently, are absent frequently, and are unsatisfactory first, last, and always. Last year the crew depended on men of this kind, and at the last hour was disappointed. Shelved stars are broken staffs indeed for any captain to rely upon, and I congratulate Captain Metcalf for the rare good sense he is displaying. Benefiting by the experience of last year, and that also of the foot-ball season, he has totally ignored the existence of the stars, and devoted himself to getting together candidates that are sound, have some knowledge of rowing, are in harmony, and determined to put the colors of their *alma mater* to the front if possible. Give me material of this sort and a reasonable time for coaching, and you may have all the self-opinionated stars in the land. I advised both Captain Metcalf and Coach Mellen to look particularly to the training of the crew; a man must be in perfect condition to pull his best oar, and Columbia has been deficient in this respect too often.

IT IS NOT OFTEN my pleasure to follow an athlete from the hopes and ambitions of the gridiron field on to the more restful but equally uncertain sea of matrimony. But the occasion of "Jerry" Black's marriage to Miss Church is so filled with pathetic interest that I cannot pass it unnoticed. Every college man knows Jerry Black, of Princeton, the strongest line breaker, I believe, I ever saw. There are many foot-ball players who can get through a rusher line if their forwards give them a hole the size of a barn door, but few that can make their own pathway as could this plucky half back. I have seen him fight his own way for a five-yard gain when his rushers were unable to make the opening for him. Last fall he was injured, and the Princeton was sadly crippled without him. Miss Church, who is an exquisitely beautiful girl, is the daughter of the well-known artist F. S. Church; and though in consumption, has stood up bravely under its undermining influences, that she might yet remain with those nearest and dearest to her. A few weeks ago, however, her physician ordered her to Florida. Determined she should have the best of care, her *fiancé* proposed the hastening of their marriage. He accordingly left college, and the ceremony was performed at a day's notice on the 6th of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Black left at once for the South, and it is the dearest wish of all who know them that Mrs. Black may win back her health, and that her husband may still have the time to "coach," if not play for the coming elevens at Princeton.

THE FIGURE-SKATING championship seems as far from realization as though it were early fall, and yet they tell us our climate is not changing. When we are sufficiently favored to bring off the event, it is likely to prove the most interesting for some time. I am looking for the closest contest between Louis Rubenstein, the present champion of America, and G. W. Phillips, N. Y. A. C., they have ever had. Indeed, I incline to the belief that the latter will win. The margin of difference between them has always been very small, being but two points the last time they came together. Moreover, it should be taken into consideration that Rubenstein has infinitely more practice every winter, which means everything. In "place" skating Rubenstein is not to be equalled, to say nothing of being excelled; but in all other movements Phillips equals, and in many greatly surpasses, the Canadian. In point of grace Rubenstein is out of it. He has, in fact, an extremely awkward style, and this, it seems to me, should be taken largely into consideration—a great deal more so than it is. In every competition I recall, except where the object is to cover a distance, grace and finesse constitute important factors in the award of prizes. Why they should not in figure skating, where the quintessence of that quality is necessary, is unaccountable.

THE TENTATIVE EFFORT of last summer to introduce pony-racing in this country, under the auspices of the American Pony-racing Association, was fairly successful, more because of the prestige it gained from the association of the gentlemen that nourished its feeble days than from the sport it afforded. There was, to be sure, some excellent sport, but the general feeling was that of a holiday-making where everything was admissible. To establish the sport on a sure and substantial basis, I am of the opinion several radical changes must be made. The association holds a meeting shortly, and I rather believe, if it will sound its members, a majority will be found concurring with what I have to say. First and foremost, if the sport is to encourage gentlemen to enter and ride their ponies, professional jockeys, grooms, and stable-boys must, under no consideration, be permitted to ride. A gentleman does not wish to put up a leg alongside of his neighbor's groom, or some winter-track skate navigator. Again, if gentlemen are to be encouraged, the weights must be raised; some of those published at the last meeting in the fall were ridiculously low. There are a few that can get down to them, but the average is far above, and one certainly does not care to undergo a course of training to reach weight. Moreover, as there is no time taken, the prime object being sport, and the ponies are easily able to carry 170 pounds, what is the object in cutting down the weight? The third suggestion is the changing of the rules, so that a pony registered with the American Pony-racing Association may run at other meetings without being disqualified. The present ruling must inevitably be changed eventually if the promoters of the American Pony-racing Association wish success to crown their efforts, otherwise it will always remain as it is, a purely local affair held together by social ties rather than those of genuine sport.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

THROUGH THE WEARY HOURS

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the *rationale* of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion, and kindred diseases.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.—[*Adv.*]

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND ATLANTIC CITY VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WITH the new schedule of the West Jersey and Camden and Atlantic Railroads going into effect on Saturday, February 7th, the train service between Philadelphia and Atlantic City will be greatly improved. A new afternoon express will leave Market Street Wharf at 3.00 P.M., arriving at Atlantic City at 4.25 P.M., and the express now leaving at 4.10 P.M. will leave at 4.00 P.M. The 4.00 P.M. is the New York connection, and on Saturdays it will run in two sections. The train now leaving Atlantic City for Market Street Wharf at 9.00 A.M. will leave at 8.55 A.M. and arrive at Philadelphia at 10.30 A.M. A new express running via the West Jersey line will leave Atlantic City for Market Street Wharf at 3.15 P.M. week-days, and a new Sunday express at 5.00 P.M. The week-day express now leaving Atlantic City at 3.50 P.M. will leave at 4.45 P.M. and arrive at Philadelphia at 6.20 P.M. A new train will also leave Philadelphia at 6.20 A.M. for Millville; returning, leave Millville at 6.10 P.M. On the same date the New York and Atlantic City Fast express will be placed in service, leaving New York on week-days at 1.50 P.M., running via Camden. The eastbound train leaving Philadelphia, Market Street Wharf, at 10.00 A.M. and arriving at New York at 12.40 noon, will prove a great convenience to business men and residents of the lower section of the city.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

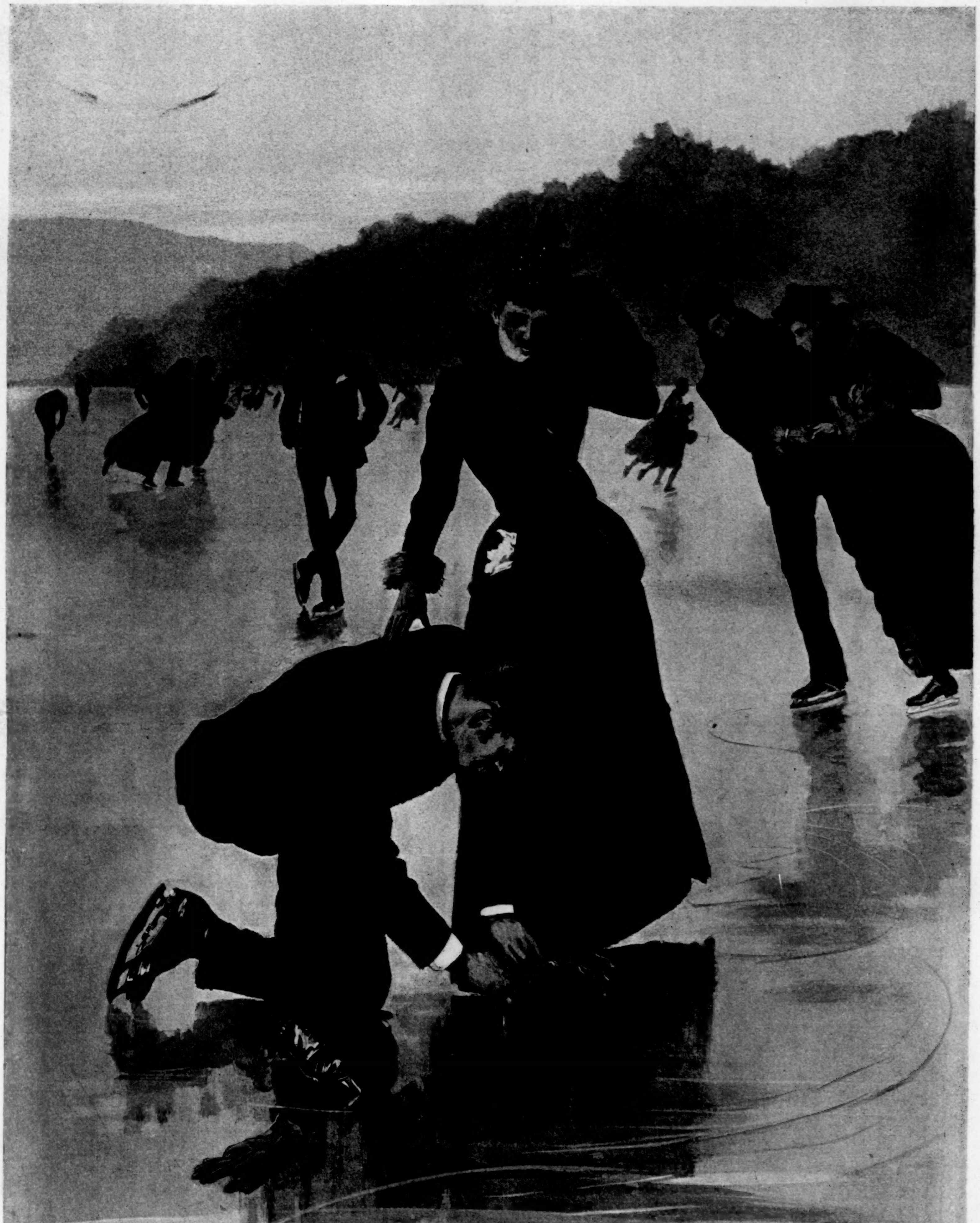
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IN 1850
"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]



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A LABOR OF LOVE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.